NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

——NO LEVELL'D MALICE
INFECTS ONE COMMA OF THE COURSE I HOLD.—*Shakspeare.*

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AGENTS.

Detroit, (Michigan) Henry H. Snelling.
New-York, Israel Brown, 169 Broadway.
Philadelphia, Thomas T. Ash.
Baltimore, (Md.) William Porter.
Georgetown, (D. C.) Benjamin Homans, Esq.
Natchez, (Miss.) Charles W. Babbit.
Portland, (Me.) Samuel Colman.
Windsor, (Vt.) Frederick Pettis.
Gloucester, (Mass.) Todd & Saville.
Salem, (Mass.) Benjamin Colman.

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

These are the principles on which we intend to conduct our paper. We intend to wage war upon vice and folly under whatever garb and in whatever place it may appear. We are no respecter of persons. We are a working man, and intend to promote what we consider the best interests of the working men. We consider the militia laws as parts of a system of folly and oppression, and shall do our best to abrogate them. We are no friend to masonry or antimasonry, especially the latter.—We have no confidence in the wisdom or virtue of the present administration. We are inimical to the system of negro slavery, and a firm believer in the despised doctrine of immediate emancipation. Finally, we shall do our best to instruct and amuse our readers.

MISCELLANIES.

[From the Abolitionist.]

A NEW BALLAD.

'I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the people of Canterbury,'
About their town meeting and speechifying,
To send all the blacks from the country flying.

It was said that a lady had dared to invite
Colored girls to her school, that she'd teach them to write,
And, to the disgrace of the town and the nation,
Intended to give them a good education.

When this news reached the ears of the clerk of the town,
He lengthened his visage, and cast his eyes down,
Then swore by the shade of Jack Cade, no such school
The village should darken while he had the rule.

So the townsmen are summoned. In haste they appear
In their hall, all aghast, and all trembling with fear.
An orator rises, 'A vote let me read,
To declare to the universe some of our creed.

'*Resolved*, In this land to blacks souls are not given,
That from Afric alone is the black road to heaven,
And that we will resist teaching any such creatures,
As rudely assailing a great law of Nature's.

'Can any one think,' he cries, 'Nature intended
By teaching, these black souls should ever be mended,
Be fitted to meet with us whites, in debate,
And aid us in making the laws for our State?

'Can Connecticut men e'er become such vile asses
As submit to this mixture of milk and molasses?
Oh! save us, kind heaven, from these foul disgraces,
And bless our descendants with unmixed white faces!'

When this manly resolve this loud speech had sustained
Long and loud were the plaudits the orator gained.
Next springs up the clerk, but how vain is all verse,
His wisdom, his fancy, his wit to rehearse.

'I rise, fellow citizens, sad and dismayed,
Our good town is ruined, our rights are betrayed!
If this school be established among us, what then?
Black females are ladies, and negroes are men.

'We must meet them at dinners, at parties, at prayers,
Our houses and lands too would soon become theirs.
What right have these woolly heads, hither to come,
Let them go back to Africa—there is their home.

'In vain did our forefathers cross the rough sea,
And leave us this land as the home of the free;
In vain did our ancestors bleed, in vain toil,
If we suffer these negroes to share in the soil.

'Let us swear then together we never will yield
To the negro a house, or a school or a field;
But while Quinebaug flows through our town, it shall never
Reflect a black face from its bosom forever.'

He ceased, and the townsmen, with eager acclaim,
Accept the resolve, which saves them from the shame,
The calamity dire, the unending disgrace,
Of treating like brethren the African race.

Oh! patriot sages of Quinebaug river,
Your wisdom shall brighten the world forever,
And humanity weeping o'er error and crime,
Shall be cheered by your vote to the last hour of time.

*These two lines are borrowed from an old ballad with the alteration of a single word.

PANEGYRIC.

But of all the articles in palliation of this outrage, we have seen none so reckless and abandoned as that of the present editor of the New England Galaxy.—It is a source of deep mortification to us, that an editor could be found in the United States, much less in the *puritan* North, that could so far assume the character of the bully and gladiator, as to take up and defend the cause of a scoundrel, deemed by most men of responsibility and character, to have disgraced his country, and unworthy to be associated with the high-minded and gentlemanly class which adorns our Navy.

We marvel too, that an editor whose feelings were *professedly* so harrowed up on viewing a cock-fight at Cragie's bridge, could have expressed a wish to have "been by when the scuffle took place,"—and a *sorrow* "that the assault was not more effectual,"—that "no blow that did not miss its mark could have been aimed amiss." This is the master spirit that has undertaken a reform of all disorderly conduct in the good city of Boston! And this too, is a boasted partisan of that party, who claim "all the talent," "respectability," and "decency." We regret that there are such men,—such political fanatics, who will let their hatred to Andrew Jackson disgrace the country. To disgrace themselves, is hardly within the bounds of possibility.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Gazette.*

Our admirer of the Gazette is mistaken in supposing that we hate a. jackson; contempt forbids us to entertain hate. Moreover, we do not belong to any party; but we would rather belong to any one than his.—*Ed. Gal.*

"See Cromwell d—d to everlasting fame."—POPE.

William J. Snelling, the present editor of the New England Galaxy, seems anxious to retain to himself the *public notoriety* which he has within a few weeks acquired by the warfare he has been waging against the Gamblers and *black legs* of Boston. In the language we once heard applied to a certain political demagogue: "He is determined to become *famous*, if it is only by being *infamously* so." His attempts at exposing and suppressing the diabolical system of gambling, we approved; although we thought they would have been likely to produce better effects, had they been made with a more charitable spirit, and in a less ferocious manner, but we felt willing to ascribe his want of charity and apparent rashness of conduct, to the just indignation excited by a personal view of their iniquitous proceedings. What we are now about to mention affords no such palliative excuse, he here stands before the public in the naked deformity of his own hateful malignity, a just though pitiable object of the pointed scorn, and withering contempt. The following extracts are made from an editorial article in the Galaxy of the 18th inst. which there appears under a *gross wood cut* representing Randolph in the act of assaulting the President.

* * * * * *

If the *Scoundrel*, who could write and publish such an article as the one from which the above extracts are quoted, be not *totally insane*, he is deserving of commendation at least, for his open sincerity and freedom from hypocrisy. Neither his sentiment, nor the language in which he expresses them, need any comment, they will carry with them the appropriate feelings of scornful contempt into every American bosom. The sentiments are those of every leader of the *vile political party to which he belongs*, , and the language in which they are expressed, is such as those leaders use wherever *they dare*. How they will approve of having their sentiments thus laid bare to the public remains yet to be seen. but in our humble opinion, Snelling deserves a *niche* in the temple of fame, between the notorious John Binns and the unprincipled Jacob B. Moore.—*Dover (N. H.) Gazette.*

We wrote the Randolph article expressly to please administration editors and it appears that we have succeeded.

ON THE SLAVERY OF THE MIND.

——Di verstram fidem!
Ita comparatum esse naturam omnium,
Aliena ut mel us videant et dijudicent
Quam sua ——. TERENT.

We hear much said of slavery, which, perhaps, might as well be left unsaid; but there is a slavery existing among us which is seldom, if ever, noticed. It pervades almost all classes of society; it operates more or less on all men, and it materially checks the forward march of American improvement. We speak of the slavery of the mind. There is, perhaps, more of it in other countries than in this; but with them we have nothing to do—our business is with our native land.

In the first place, we are, as a people, slaves to vanity. John Bull is noted for a braggart all over the world, and in this particular, Brother Jonathan has not degenerated from his parent. John Bull boasts and believes that he beat Napoleon at Waterloo, and all Europe laughs at him. He has believed, from time immemorial, that his arm is twice as strong as any other person's; and neither his defeat at Corunna, nor those of Bunker's Hill, Lexington and New Orleans have convinced him of his error. We have inherited his folly. That the battles to which we have alluded were won by nothing but superhuman American valor, no true son of Jonathan will doubt. The nature of the ground between Boston and Lexington was not essential to our success, nor did the breastworks at Bunker's Hill and New Orleans embarrass the enemy in the least. The results in all these instances, were solely owing to republican bravery; at least, we are annually so informed by our orators, whom no one thinks of doubting. The Constitution sunk two frigates of almost two thirds her own force—ergo, American ships sail better, and American tars fight better, than any others on the face of the earth—no, the sea. The late success over the Malays at Qualoo Battoo, confirms this conclusion. General Atkinson, with two thousand troops, has lately beaten three hundred Indians under Black Hawk,—another conclusive proof of American invincibility.

Seriously, many battles have been highly creditable to the United States—still other people can fight as desperately, on occasion as ourselves. One swallow does not make a summer, nor do two or three extraordinarily successful battles constitute proof of national invincibility. If they did, there is no nation that might not claim to be invincible. However, boasting serves to encourage soldiers and sailors:—boasting has brought John Bull and Brother Jonathan to a perpetual fighting pitch, and therefore let us boast on.

It cannot be denied that institutions and laws which have been altered only two or three times within fifty years, are framed for eternity. Our republic has existed half a century; our population has tripled; we have survived two wars; and every thing, almost, has been well with us. Glad and proud are we that such is the fact, and God grant that our prosperity may continue and increase! Still, we hope that we shall not be accused of want of patriotism, if we suggest that it is too soon to boast that we shall one day soon be the most powerful people on earth. We once advised a Dutchman, named Herman Stickleslawkenberger, to attend to his rooftree, which seemed to be undergoing an active process of decay. "I have lived here," said the Hollander, "fifty years; and my roof has never fallen in. I will trust it a little longer." That very night the ridge-pole gave way, and Herman hobbled to his grave, a cripple. Let us by all means, imitate this sapient example, and continue to trust to the valor of our militia, the patriotism of our mud-diggers, and the integrity of the officers they may elect.

It is generally admitted here, that the Capitol is infinitely superior to St Peter's or St. Paul's, that our militia is able to conquer the world; and that it is highly advantageous to admit every foreigner, whose rags suffice to cover his nakedness, to the privilege of the elective franchise. We must be permitted to state our conviction, that a belief in any of these postulates infers a deplorable slavery of the mind, and that we have lived prosperously thus long, rather in spite, than on account of, such tenets. These things have done us no harm for fifty years—let us trust them a little longer. Let us continue to believe that our poets are superior to Milton and Homer—such belief will doubtless improve our literature; let us believe that every officer of militia is a Cæsar; let us believe that every Yankee *sarse*-man, and every Southern gold-washer, speaks better English than Lord Brougham. This is the trueway to be contented and comfortable. Above all, whenever any slanderous English traveller happens to hit upon a truth, and exposes a manifest fault, let us either swear that he speaks falsely, or boldly contend that in the matter in question we are right, and England is wrong. In a word, let us give ourselves over to the control of national vanity, bodies and souls.

A great many of us, perhaps the majority, are slaves to interest as well as vanity. It is conceded by all men, north of the Potomac, that in assuming jurisdiction over the Southern Indians, Georgia does wrong, and contravenes the laws of the land. As the Supreme Court has thus decided, we stand exempt from the charge of party spirit in stating the simple fact. What statesman, who hopes for the votes of the South, has ever taken a decided stand in favor of the Cherokees? Not one, who has any present prospect of office. But one very prominent man, and we are proud to say that he lives on Winter Hill, has espoused the right cause. It is plain that the exterminated band of Black Hawk have had gross wrong. Let us see what western member will vote for an investigation of the facts connected with the late western war. Scarce any public man in the land will take any measure or express any opinion, tending to diminish his popularity with his constituents.

Interest is the main-spring of American politics.—Almost all merchants oppose the tariff; almost all manufacturers are its advocates—interest directs all opinions which concern the good of the common weal. What Fourth of July orator would dare to say, in his oration, that ours is not the most happy, the most polished, and the most glorious country under the sun? Who among our editors of periodicals, would dare to deny the literary merits of Wirt and Paulding? Such independence would infallibly displease those for whose benefit it might be intended; the orator, if a tradesman, would lose customers; the editor would lose subscribers. As the auditor is a slave to vanity, the speaker must necessarily sacrifice either his freedom of thought and speech, or his interest. It is the same with physicians. They dare not tell a rich hypochondiac that his health is excellent. It is the same with congressmen; it is the same with lawyers, with mechanics, and, in short, with all orders of the community. We are so dependent on each other, that no one dares to think and act for himself. Various are the consequent evils. They may be best illustrated by what took place not long ago in a public assembly.

[From the Knickerbacker.]

TO AN IMPRISONED LION.

Monarch of India's burning plain—
Where once in undisputed reign
Thou held'st despotic sway:
Lord of the desert—noble king—
Thou who a dauntless glance can fling
Back to the god of day!
There's terror still upon thy brow,
And pomp about thee even now.

How great—how fallen!—caged and chained
By him on whom thou once disdained
To cast contemptuous look!
Those iron bars—that narrow floor—
The confines of that prison door,
How can thy spirit brook?
Throbs on thy unsubdued heart,
As when it played the monarch's part?

Methinks, when fettered in a cage,
With one resistless roar of rage,
And madness uncontrolled,
Thy great heart, at the very first,
Should in its agony have burst
Beneath the conqueror's hold:—
Worthy thy life old king would be
Such savage death to set thee free.

Yet here thou art—shut up and cramped,
With all thy haughty ardor damped,
Ignobly shown about,
A scarecrow to each childish fear,
The subject of an idle jeer
For every rabble rout:—
A living lesson to the world,
How low a monarch may be hurled.

Yet all thy greatness is not fled—
Thou hast a solemn, measured tread,
As in thy loftiest days;
Majestic still thy eye balls flash,
And sternly mortal eyes can dash
That would return thy gaze;
Thou art Imperial and no chains
Debase the blood in royal veins.

Say what they may, thy spirit dwells
Within thee still—and freedom swells
Within thy breast till death;
Thou, as thy sires, wast born to rule,
And thy king passion cannot cool,
But with thy latest breath;
Though servile chains to thee may cling,
Still thou art "every inch a king!"

So he, who fought his way to thrones,
The proudest one Ambition owns,
Fell from his height at last,
Chained to old ocean's loneliest rock,
He firmly met and braved the shock
That told his splendors past—
Though heaven was black—yet, like the oak,
His spirit bent not, till it broke!

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the New England Galaxy.

THE RULING PASSION.

When we see a being thus trifling away existence, spending a whole life in crowds, sacrificing comfort, health, and all the best feelings of the heart, for the sake of being fashionable, we can easily perceive that a desire of display is the ruling principle. But this same desire, where we would not so soon suspect it, is often the actuating motive of the conduct of men; it conceals itself under some of the noblest actions, and assumes the guise of almost every virtue. How many a fine speech has been made, how many a tear has flowed, and how many a kind look has been given, which never would have been heard nor seen, but for this desire! How happens that poor servant to receive nothing but soft words and smiles when there is company in the house, and only hard blows and frowns when there is not? Why does that sorrowful, heart-broken looking child always rejoice and feel happy when his cruel step-mother has visiters? It is because that then he is caressed and called a little darling, and a fine display is made of maternal tenderness, which never is shown except when there are witnesses to note and report it.—How often does this same love of display creep into the bosom of the young clergyman, as he sees the gaze of the whole congregation upon him, and make him more anxious to show a beautiful hand or a fine figure to advantage, in his different attitudes and gestures, than to direct the attention of his people to that religion which he professes to teach? How many a deed of charity has been done; how many a purse has been opened by it! Think you that hard, money-loving looking man, with rogue written so legibly on his face, but whose name always stands first on the subscription paper, with a larger sum attached to it than to any other, would give as willingly in secret? Would every pretty Miss who takes such an active part in the fairs held in our good city, for sweet charity's sake, do it, if she did not think she could display her pretty face, as well as do good to her fellow creatures? Would every one who, on such occasions, is so earnest in doing good to the distressed, be equally ready to seek out the lonely abode of misery, and carry joy to the hearts of the suffering inmates, while no admiring crowd stood by to witness? Yet this inclination for display will sometimes lead its possessor into the hut of poverty, so eager is it to improve every opportunity for attracting all possible attention.

I had convincing proof, a few months since, that this feeling will sometimes induce a votary of fashion to do this. I was sitting one evening with a poor old black woman, who was very sick. I was alone, and expected to remain so, but it was not long ere some one arrived, who must be, I thought, to judge from the noise and bustle, a very important personage; I opened the door, and beheld, to my great surprise, Mrs. B., a very fashionable acquaintance of mine. She expressed much concern for the sufferings of the poor woman, and soon began to show some dainties she had brought for her. Ah! thought I, I have certainly been under a mistake with regard to this person; I thought she cared only for fashion, and that her mind was entirely engaged in the most frivolous concerns; but it seems, that amidst all her gaiety, she does not forget the distressed. In the mean time, she proceeded in displaying what she had brought, and expatiating upon the nicety of the articles. The poor creature whom she addressed spoke her thanks in accents broken and weak, from disease, and murmured something about the trouble she had occasioned. "O, do not think of that," exclaimed Mrs. B., "it gives me pleasure to assist you, for a female never appears to so much advantage as when relieving the sick and distressed." I was thunder-struck; here was the mystery explained; the apparent inconsistency proved a consistency of character; for it was ever the grand object of her life to do that which she she thought would make her appear to most advantage in the eyes of the world; yet one would think that even if she had gone to that dwelling of want, merely for display, that every such idea would have been driven from her head by the sight of so much suffering as she there witnessed; but I believe when that feeling once takes strong possession of the human heart, it is more difficult to conquer than any other. In the present instance, the love of display was so deeply rooted in the mind of this woman, and so predominant over every other idea, that it expressed itself in words, perhaps before she was aware of it, or she might not have been conscious that what she said made her motive for doing good so evident as it did. It made an impression upon my mind that will not soon be effaced. Whenever, since, I see her or any one of her stamp doing an act of charity, a deed of mercy, I always involuntarily say to myself, "a female never appears to so much advantage as when doing these things." If, however, there could have been any question as to the correctness of my interpretation of this speech, it was entirely decided by what transpired soon after, when I met Mrs. B. at a party; it was rather late when I arrived, and the company were all assembled. When I entered the room, I found her entertaining them, as usual, with some of her own doings. I listened, and heard the story of her kindness to the poor black woman detailed with the greatest minuteness, and painted in the most glowing colors; tears of sweet sensibility were rolling down her cheeks, as she described the sufferings of the poor creature, and the exquisite pleasure she felt in relieving her. This woman, thought I, as I heard her make known her charity and sound her own praise, has certainly made a mistake, and left out the "not" in reading that command in the New Testament, which says "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," or else it is a long time since she has read it. After she had finished the relation and received all due commendation, she resumed her former character of a fashionable, which she had only laid aside for a short time, and entered into the most frivolous conversation, discussing with great interest the peculiar merits of the different modes of dress, &c. She probably, a few years before, would not have had an idea of resorting to works of mercy for making a display, but now that her youth is irrecoverably gone, and she can no longer bear off the palm of victory, as to personal appearance, she begins to look about for a field on which to show off when old age comes on; but as she thinks that the sudden assumption of a pious character, at that time, might look a little suspicious, she puts it on by degrees, and advances in it in exact proportion to the lessening of her influence in the fashionable world. There are some things, however, of which she used to make a parade in her younger days, which she does not, and probably never will, relinquish; such as mentioning, upon every possible opportunity, some great relation or distinguished acquaintance. Every story is, as usual, embellished with high sounding names and titles; even all her religious impressions, which she acknowledges she had not in early life, are connected with some events of which she wishes to make a display: such as her residence in some far-off city, her being on a visit to some family of high degree, or her hearing some celebrated preacher; in short, there is no event of life, no subject of conversation, upon which she will not manage to make a display. It would certainly seem that we ought not to call her a selfish being, for she appears to live entirely for others; she will make any sacrifice of personal comfort to please the fancy of a fickle crowd; she will yield at any time her own ease and convenience, for the sake of giving the world something to look upon that she thinks they will admire; her very existence seems to depend upon the gaze of the multitude; indeed, I am satisfied, that if she were shut out from human society, and deprived of the pleasure of being seen, that she would not behold the rising and setting of many suns.

But this woman is not alone in her folly; (would to heaven that she were;) there are, alas! many, very many, who possess the same feelings, who pursue the same course. There is still another class of people, who are probably most numerous, who delight in display, but confine it to one particular object; as, for instance—learning is made the subject of parade with some, most often, however, by those who are entirely superficial in their knowledge, mere smatterers in every part of education. I have frequently, when in the company of such persons, been edified by an immense quantity of information and told a vast number of things, with an air of great condescension, all of which I knew long before, for they seem to imagine that they know all things, and that others know nothing; in short, that they have a monopoly of all the knowledge in the universe.

Again, there comes the travelled gentleman, and he, in his turn, can tell a great many things, about which the one who gets his information from books alone knows nothing. He has actually seen objects, of which others have only read, and here, of course, is a wide field open for display; and what but the love of this is it that makes the young fop, just returned from his European tour, so anxious to retain the manners of the countries through which he has passed? What else causes him to throw aside, in a short time, all his old habits and customs, and assume entirely different ones? Does he think to make us believe that a few months hasty travelling through as many different lands, during which time he frequently saw more of his own countrymen than any other, would entirely destroy manners that he has been a whole life in forming? But he must make a display of the advantages he has received, it must be known that he has traveled, and he thinks to himself, "no one will ever know it, if I do not become a little Frenchified, or Italianized, or something else in my appearance different from what I was before;" and he is right, for certainly we should not suspect it from any superior wisdom that he possesses, or experience that he has acquired.—Even what we should least of all suspect, grief itself is made a subject of display, and my heart has often ached to see the show and ostentation with which funerals are many times attended, and the parade that is made when committing to its kindred dust the lifeless form of a departed fellow being.

But it would be an endless task to enumerate the various kinds of display that we meet in the world, for there are almost as many as people; and this is not to be wondered at, when we reflect upon the ceaseless pains that parents appear to take to implant and foster this feeling in the tender and susceptible minds of their young children. As soon as a little one can lisp, he is brought out to display his infant acquirements before a room full of company, by whom he is, out of compliment to his parents, loaded with applause and admiration, which so turns his little brain, that he cannot be easy ever afterwards, as soon as visiters appear, unless he engages all the attention. The little Miss, as soon as she can totter about, is told that if she will behave well, she shall be dressed out gaily and go to see, or rather to be seen, by some fine lady.—Thus the love of display in dress is early fixed in the mind; children are encouraged to make a display of their wit, even at the expense of their parents and elders, and if they have made proficiency in any branch of education, they are called upon to display it in all companies. It is not strange, therefore, that these children have the idea that all their acquirements are only intended for display, and that they retain this idea when arrived at maturity. It is no wonder that fashion and folly reign undisturbed. Let parents but impress early upon the minds of their children the truth that they are placed on this earth for a nobler purpose than merely to attract attention, and they will learn to act according to the dictates of conscience, not the opinion of the world; but it will be long, I fear, before that is done by all, or even by the majority of parents; long ere our hearts are rejoiced by seeing men follow their own sense of rectitude, instead of being guided by the laws of fashion. It delights my very soul to meet a person who will talk, merely because he likes to talk, not to display his fine language or fine sentiments; who laughs because he feels an inclination to do it, not to show his handsome teeth; one who will do, in short, what he thinks right, rather than what he thinks fashionable. I hate display of all kinds, in all its forms and guises, from that of the canting hypocrite, who professes a piety he never felt, to that of the silly girl, who has nothing but a little outside finery to display. And let others love it as they will, the time will come to each and every one when that love will be forgotten; yes, believe me, in the moment of death, there will be no display; then the still small voice of an approving conscience will be of more value than the plaudits of the whole world. Let us, therefore, so listen to its dictates now, that its whisperings then may not sound to us like the tones of a demon of darkness and despair, but fall upon our souls in strains sweet and gladdening, like the music of an angel's voice.

LUCIA.

For the New England Galaxy.

PATRIOTISM.

Mr. Editor,—I appreciated as highly as any one present the eloquence displayed at the late meeting in Faneuil Hall; but I must say that I have never heard the word *patriotism* so much abused. From the tenor of the addresses on that occasion, one might have supposed that the completion of the monument on Bunker's Hill was the chief, nay, the only manifestation that could be made of that virtue. As one originally opposed to the erection of the monument, and consequently to its completion, (yet conscious of as warm a patriotism as any man can boast)—nay, more, *as a member of this community*, I felt aggrieved and insulted. I would ask of the orators if there was no patriotism in the people, no feeling of gratitude for the achievements of their fathers, during the half century which preceded the year 1825? And for the years that have elapsed, since the monument was left in its present incomplete state, have we been equally destitute of this virtue? I have been astonished at the passiveness with which citizens have allowed these reproaches to be thrown in their faces.—The truth is, that the hearts of the people were never in this business. What has been done was done under the great excitement of the anniversary celebration, but good sense soon returned, the people have built other monuments of their patriotism and philanthropy, and have left the granite blocks on Bunker's Hill to mark the triumph of sober reason.

I would have added some remarks on the moral expression of a monument, when not the result of warm spontaneous feeling, but there is no time at present. MORE ANON.

May 31.

The above was received last week too late for publication.—*Ed. Galaxy.*

For the New England Galaxy.

A LESSON.

Why this universal itching for distinction for an enduring name—for "immortality?" Why this general desire to be remembered after death?

Why, thou goggle-eyed student, dost thou waste thy midnight oil, and consume thy morning taper, and injure thy precious health, in search of some new principle of philosophy—some new, original theorem, by which thou may'st lay hold of and retain the lubricous phantom fame, and hinder thy little name from a burial in the dust of ages, with the many millions of thy predecessors, thy contemporaries and thy posterity?

Why, thou dabbler in the law, dost thou continually torment thy brain in foolish endeavors to prefix to thy name that enchanting, bombastic title of *Hon.*? Why dost thou fawn and flatter, and spend thy money for that which is not bread, viz: a seat in Congress?

Why, thou merchant, thou counter-jumper, thou knight of the yard-stick, dost thou rise early and sit up late in agonizing to fill thy coffers with the yellow dust, which is thy idol—thy god?

Have ye not all pursued this ignis-fatuus fame long enough to have discovered that it *will* elude your grasp?

Or if, perchance, Dame Fortune has favored you, tell me what lasting benefit you can obtain?

We need fame, as we do our dinner—we should make it our *luncheon* while we live.

Why do you care to be remembered, when your souls are gone, and your bodies are inhabited by the vilest of God's creatures—the worm?

[illegible] that you are indeed but dust.

"Live while you live—be happy if you can." An "hour upon this stage" is as much as you deserve.—Recollect there are five hundred millions of actors in this great drama of life—all those who play their parts well will and do receive applause while acting.

Present fame, then, is what we all need—if we obtain this, we are happy—life to us may be a path of roses—neither will our pillows be thorns—nor our beds briars.

Q. Q.

For the New England Galaxy.

Mr. Snelling,—I am happy to see published a beautiful translation of Goethe's little drama of "The Brother and Sister." It has been said that happiness was not a subject capable of producing a dramatic effect, as it had nothing to do with comedy, and it certainly is not tragedy, in the common sense of that term; but no one has ever read this little drama without such a thrill as we generally believe belongs to tragedy alone. As I observe that it is printed in a form that may make it mistaken for a child's book, I take this opportunity to direct attention to it; for it is very desirable that the translator, and other German students equally capable, should be encouraged to give us these little gems of genius, with which German literature abounds.

PHILO-GERMANICUS.

For the New England Galaxy.

THEATRES.

Mr. Editor,—I am aware that our citizens generally do not feel any particular interest in the regulation of our Theatres, and I believe the indifference felt towards them arises in a great measure from ignorance of the evils which our Theatres, as now conducted, inflict upon the community. I trust the few suggestions I have to offer may engage the attention of those who feel a becoming interest in the true honor of our city, and in the future usefulness and good morals of many of our young men who are in the habit of seeking amusement at our Theatres.

It is claimed by the advocates of Theatres generally, and more particularly by those who are personally interested, that the drama "holds the mirror up to nature," and that it is a harmless and instructive means of passing a leisure hour.

I will not assert, Mr. Editor, that Theatres *may* not be so conducted as to render them all that is claimed for them by their warmest friends; on the contrary, I believe that with suitable restrictions they may exercise a salutary influence. But without intending, at present, to discuss this particular proposition in detail, I purpose, in a few brief remarks, to inquire, 1st, whether Theatres, *as at present conducted*, do or do not deteriorate the morals of a portion of those who frequent them; and 2d, to propose, so far as I comprehend the subject, an adequate remedy.—And first, as regards the appropriation of no small portion of the house to females of infamous character. This practice I conceive to be, in its consequences, one of the most powerful and conclusive arguments urged against Theatres by those who are opposed to dramatic exhibitions of any kind. It is rarely, if ever, the case, that a theatrical season passes without being the fruitful cause of many complaints and committals by our police magistrates, for assaults, lewdness, intoxication, &c. which most generally originate in that part of the Theatre particularly appropriated to abandoned females. The associations and in-

timacies formed by young men, in the "third rows" of our Theatres, I conceive, induce more and worse dissipation than most other causes combined. In proof of this, as it may seem severe denunciation, I appeal to the records of our criminal courts: how very many of those wretched beings, consigned by the ministers of our laws to merited punishment in a penitentiary, have confessed that their first lesson of depravity was learned in the third row, and among the prostitutes, who are now allowed, nay, encouraged* to frequent our Theatres.

There is but one method by which this monstrous evil, this foul blot upon our theatrical establishment, already suffered too long, can be remedied.

Let our city government, who are entrusted with the guardianship of the public morals, and whose duty it is to reform these abuses, refuse, under any circumstances, to license any place of public amusement, in which a part of the house is set apart for the special accommodation of prostitutes: let licences for the sale of ardent spirits, in any part of the premises, be refused, and I feel well convinced that the beneficial effects of these wholesome restrictions will very soon be apparent in the decreased number of committals by our police department, not to speak of the great number of paupers supported at the public charge, and who have become a burthen upon our treasury from the same cause.

It may be urged, that if the managers do not provide some place for these abandoned characters, they will be found seated next to our wives, sisters, or daughters, in the boxes. Exclude them from the third tier, and they are shut out entirely. Every lady of respectable standing is accompanied to places of public amusement by a male friend: and all not so attended should be refused admittance. It is characteristic of vice to shrink from contact with virtue.

I believe I do not assert too much, in saying that a week, nay, more, scarcely a night of performance passes, in which the respectable part of the audience are not disturbed in some manner by the occupants of the third row; profane and vulgar language is frequently overheard, and by those disposed to direct their attention to the upper part of the house "a row" is not unfrequently witnessed.

By carrying into effect the reforms I propose, the performers would be left without inducement to utter with particular emphasis any expression conveying a double meaning and admitting an indelicate or vulgar allusion. "Many a time and oft" have I heard, with shame and mortification, allusions by the actors, so gross as to compel our female friends to hang their heads to conceal the mantling blush; while the depraved, low bred beings of the third row and gallery, to whom the actor *demeaned* himself by appealing for "a round of applause," testified the greatest delight at his *wit*.

The instance can hardly be adduced of the introduction of improper persons to our numerous public lectures and concerts: yet they are not specially prohibited. This fact tends to prove my assertion, that the respectable body of our citizens who attend theatres need be under no apprehension of improper persons obtaining admittance at all, in consequence of the alterations I propose.

The city would be a gainer in a pecuniary point of view if, instead of charging a few hundred dollars for a theatrical license as is now the case, the city authorities were to grant a free license, or even to give the managers as much as is now exacted of them, instead of compelling them to pay the city, on the sole condition that the third row and the dram shops now forming a part and portion of our "*theatricals*," should be discontinued or closed.

When the managers next apply for a license, let these be the conditions on which it shall be granted, and we shall soon have conclusive evidence of their utility in the improved morals of our young men.—and then should the results be otherwise than I predict, I for one will freely acknowledge that the views have been imperfectly suggested and conceived in error.

In conclusion, I beg leave respectfully to solicit the candid consideration of our municipal authorities to this subject. A FRIEND OF THE DRAMA.

* We doubt that they are encouraged.—*Ed. Gal.*

For the New England Galaxy.

Mr. Editor,—How came you, the professed enemy of blacklegs, to bail John Brown, whom you caused to be prosecuted? This looks like holding a candle to the devil, like blowing hot and cold with the same breath. Why did you not bail Coolidge too? Depend upon it, you will make no friends by this equivocal course. Yours, as you behave. EXAMINER.

The above contains the substance of a few letters and a great many inquiries that have been addressed to us. Had we reasons as plenty as blackberries we would not render one upon compulsion; nevertheless, to avoid being pestered any more on this subject, we will account for our conduct. John Brown was, not long since, a man in fair business and standing. He failed, and opened the establishment on Craige's Bridge. Still he was unsuccessful. When he was in great distress the wretch Coolidge applied to him for the use of his establishment. To save his wife and children from abject penury, he closed with the proposal. We have good reason to believe that he never gamed or connived at the fraudulent practices of those who frequented his house, otherwise than by suffering them to resort thither.—We do not mention these facts as justification, but simply as palliation of the course he pursued.

It was his fortune to be singled out, among fifty worse men, as the object of our first attack. We ruined him, to the ground. We not only broke up his unlawful business, for which we are glad, but prevented him from procuring proper occupation, for which we are sorry. We were satisfied, from a personal interview, that he had been the unwilling instrument of villains, rather than a villain himself; that if he had sinned, he had also suffered, that he would not do the like again, that he was disposed to become a useful citizen, and that innocent persons would suffer, should the extremity of the law be enforced against him. It is written that we should forgive our brother, not seven, but seventy times seven times, and in these circumstances we helped him at his utmost need.—We did so also because we thought that public justice might be enforced against worse men through his means, and for another reason, which must be final with all who take any interest in our affairs—because it consisted with our private will and pleasure. We would do the like again, and we care little whether we make friends by acting upon our own moral convictions of duty or not.—*Ed. Galaxy.*

CASH RECEIVED BY LETTER.

Of J. P. Nashville, Tenn. $2; of A. C. same place, $3.

For the New England Galaxy.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE NINTH DISTRICT!

I SEW a few words, which were addressed to you at the last trial for the purpose of exposing the *trick of seeking* office by *seeming* to decline it.

Nothing cuts like truth, and hence it was, that those few lines put our opponents in such a rage. I should not interrupt their vociferations, but leave them to that exquisite enjoyment, which the bandying of such terms as "liar" can minister to a certain class of minds, if it were not a duty to all concerned to *prove* the *anties guilty* of that, which they have only *charged* upon others.

I say then, fellow-citizens, that the assertion in the Advocate and Free Press that "Dedham" had stated a falsehood was itself a deliberate falsehood, if the intent to deceive be the essence of falsehood. The writers in those papers, (including Messrs. Curtis and Williams, who seized with such avidity, the opportunity to parade their distinguished names in a news paper,) *knew* perfectly that Mr. Jackson did at first appear to decline. This was the substance of the statement. They all knew perfectly well that their game of electioneering was in a great measure played by means of *his* alleged indifference or aversion to office, and of a contemptible itching for office on the part of Gen. Dearborn!

If this use had not been made of Mr. Jackson's seeming to decline, and if such base conduct and mean motives had not been unjustly attributed to Gen. Dearborn, in order to sink him beneath the contempt of honest men, by the boasted contrast of the two characters, the anties in all probability would never have heard a syllable from "Dedham" in this contest. "Dedham" appears to have a propensity for stripping off masks. This offends those who wear them. If they wish to wear them unmolested, let them content themselves with deceiving for their own benefit; and not attempt it to the wrong and injury of others.

Mr. Jackson has himself repeatedly *excused* himself to several of his *former* political friends by stating that he did at *first* decline, *resolutely* decline.—This can be proved. "Dedham" stated this in the *Atlas* in reply to the articles of the Advocate and Free Press, charging him with lying, and the said Advocate is silent. Thus the anti masons admit the *substance* of the statement while they try to impose upon you by denying an *unessential* circumstance; and upon the strength of that, branding the whole as "an infamous lie." This method of proceeding is very like their electioneering. It is *deceiving* in appearing to *undeceive*. ANTI-JESUIT.

For the New England Galaxy.

"*Once more to the breach, dear friends, once more,*
And upon this charge cry God for HARRY!"

The time has come to put an end to this contest by a defeat on one side or the other. It often happens that a long and doubtful struggle is decided in favor of a party whose chief advantage is a determined and persevering mind. He who musters up all his spirit, and gives a steady and determined tug upon an adversary exhausted by previous efforts, is almost sure to win the day. Let us, then, give the *Anties* the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull altogether. If we fail to elect our man, we will *not* fail to do our duty.

Shall it be said that Mr. Morton's charge of treachery against our representative has obtained credence with us? Shall the *frailty* of that *honest* man's *memory* affect our confidence in the honor and integrity of Henry Dearborn? Which is true, that Dearborn obtained Mr. Morton and his friends' votes at the former election upon false pretences, or that he did not *obtain them at all*, but was honored with their opposition? Mr. Morton, however, certifies under his hand (I wonder he did not add an "extra-judicial") that Dearborn has betrayed [illegible] ic fraternity! I have always known that Mr. Dearborn not only never promised them fealty, but that he repeatedly *refused* it in express terms. He refused to *proscribe*. This is the head and front of his offending. I think he acted as an independent and honest man should do. He was unmoved by the offer of votes. In this he entitled himself to the support and confidence of every republican and every honest man. That the Anti-Masons should feel some chagrin on account of the rebuff which they experienced, is natural; but they ought to pay some regard to truth. They cannot deny that he might have had every one of their votes; that he might have penetrated the inmost recesses of their hearts and their Sanhedrim house, by pronouncing *their* "Shibboleth"—but he would not.

It is really humiliating to our common nature to see such a man as Joseph Morton so misled by faction as to commit himself in the manner he has done, and attempt such a wrong as he stands *self* convicted of.

Fellow citizens—I will close these observations by requesting your attention to the following extract from Gen. Dearborn's remarks upon *nullification*.—They show that soundness of reasoning, independence of spirit, and propriety of language, which I have always observed in his remarks on all subjects.

"The reasons, on which so great a reduction of the Imposts was urged upon Congress, were mainly these: that the present amount of Revenue was not required to meet the current expenses of Government, and that the burden fell, in a manner peculiarly hard, and even oppressively, on a particular portion of the country.—The South was the loudest in its denunciation of a policy, which had originated with Southern men, and had received the sanction of this government ever since its organization.

If there was any portion of the Union which had a just right to complain of the inequality of the manner in which the revenue was collected, it was the North. The principle which had been engrafted into the Constitution for the representation had long been contested in the Convention, which framed that instrument; and after a protracted and strenuous debate, many entertained fears, that the subject never could be satisfactorily arranged, and the difference had finally been compromised by consenting that the taxes paid by the several portions of the country should be in proportion to their representation in the National Legislature. When this principle had been agreed upon, it was presumed, that a large portion of the revenue would be obtained by direct taxation; and that that part of the Union which depended upon slave labor, and which enjoyed a representation founded, in part, upon the amount of slave population, would pay an equivalent for that privilege in the amount of such taxation. But, what had been the practical operation of the system? Nearly the whole revenue of the nation had been obtained from the Customs: the whole wants of the Government, except during a short period of *quasi* war with France, and the late struggle with Great Britain, had been derived from this source almost exclusively. And notwithstanding the loud complaints of the South, he believed it was a fact which could be demonstrated, that the Northern States actually paid two-thirds of the whole Revenue of the Union, while the South, at the same time, enjoyed an excess of Representation on the ground of her slave property amounting to two thirds of all the votes of New England in that hall. So that they did, in fact, control and regulate the industry of the New England States, and enjoy a representation amounting to two-fifths of the whole delegation from the slave-holding States. The North, however, had not (recently at least) complained of this state of things; but in the incipient stages of the protective system there had been but one voice heard in relation to it, and that, a voice of the most decided opposition. The North had, in fact been driven into it by coercion. Being, however, at this time deeply involved in it, and a large part of her capital vested in manufacturing establishments, she was now asked suddenly to 'abolish the whole,' while on her alone was to fall the whole ruin,' and still she was to assent to all this, as a great, magnanimous and patriotic sacrifice on the altar of the republic.

There was no part of the Union more willing to do what the great and general interests of the whole country demanded than the Northern States. They had proved this, fully proved it. During all the adverse fortunes and perilous struggles which were encountered for freedom, independence, and our national existence, prosperity and glory. They were familiar with sacrifices. Ever since the time when their forefathers first leaped upon Plymouth Rock, they had been contending against difficulty, opposition, and oppression in every form, besides the sterility of an ungenial soil, and the storms of a cold and inhospitable climate. They had long been accustomed, at whatever personal cost or hazard to perform the great duties, both physical and moral, which they owed to themselves and their country; and even now, if it were desired of them, under any color of justice, equity, or patriotism, that they should do some great act, beyond all precedent, and all custom, they would be willing to attempt its accomplishment. But here, the sacrifice, instead of being a noble and general act of the *whole country*, was to be entirely local, in its consequences, and the whole sacrifice was to be on one side only. They were asked to surrender, at once, all their interests, in order to propitiate what appeared to them an imaginary grievance on the other side; and this, too, where no new facts were adduced, nor a single word or argument advanced to shew why such a vast sacrifice ought to be made, exclusively on their part; and why it must be made *at this moment*. The Executive had said that if the blow must fall, let it fall gradually—slowly—mercifully; so that those who suffered might be as little sensible as possible of the injury it inflicted."

Yet with such evidence as this and a thousand other things afford, of accurate and extensive information, mature reflection and deep penetration of mind, a Newburyport editor, *(who has declared war against all the National Republicans of the Commonwealth, who would not join in a crusade to set up a person in Essex North, whom it is a high honor to that district hitherto to have kept down,)* calls Gen. Dearborn inferior in point of *ability* to Mr. Jackson! EPAMINONDAS.

Our readers may take it for granted that there is a reason, other than our natural stupidity, for our this week's dulness. We are aware that the political articles above will not interest or amuse the majority of our readers; nevertheless they gratify *us*, and why should we not make our paper the looking-glass of our feelings and opinions as well as our brother editors? Besides, our correspondents save us the trouble of writing in commendation of General Dearborn, which we should otherwise have been bound to do. We recommend the said General to the voters of Norfolk as a man after our own heart, just, talented, honorable—who despises masonry much and anti-masonry more.—Also we are to be paid the exact cost of printing a few extra copies, a transaction which the liberal editor of the Advocate may call corruption, if it so pleases him, as it undoubtedly will. It is one of our strongest motives for admitting a political disquisition into our columns that it will give our neighbor a mark for his anti-masonic rancor. Our readers may be assured, though, that we do not intend to make the Galaxy, henceforth, an organ of local politics.—*Ed. Galaxy.*

[From the Boston Daily Atlas]

MR. EDITOR.—Some observations were made in the New England Galaxy touching Mr. *William* Jackson's original declining, and eke his never seeking of office. The writer, though he stated facts as he understood them from a respectable man, was mistaken in one particular, viz: that Mr. J. declined *at the Caucus*. It was not at the Caucus, but at his own house, that he declared he could not consent to take the greatness which Mr. Curtis and his colleagues were for "buckling upon his back." Now of what importance was this error? If a man told a fib, or did any thing [illegible] say that he did not do it *in Dedham?* Such a denial is a confession, and the fuss and outcry which the editor of the Advocate and Free Press, and all of that nest, have made about it, is the result of shrewd calculation. They mean thereby to divert the attention of the people (a vast majority of whom are honest and in favor of acting above-board) from the farce of *courting* and *coyness*, got up to facilitate Mr. Jackson's elevation to a seat in Congress.

That Mr. Jackson did at first decline, and that he himself has repeatedly said so, *he* will not deny. If his friends deny it, then they convict him of something quite as serious as we charged upon him. Indeed, they cannot deny it without convicting themselves of whole columns and stage loads of lies.—Who does not know that the burden of their electioneering cant or descant (I wish, for their credit, there were a little recant) has been, that Mr. Jackson was a man "who did not want the office," and would rather avoid than obtain it! Then why does he not? Does he think himself called, like *Cincinnatus*, to save the country, as the only man in the ninth district, or in the nation, who is equal to that great vocation? He must think this, or something like it; or he must confess that he in truth *is* desirous, and *was* desirous, even when he seemed to decline, of having the office. But do we find fault with him for this? Not at all. It is a fair and honorable ambition. But we do think it uncandid and discreditable that a man's mere *say* that he would prefer not to have an office should be vaunted as proof of the fact, and of rare modesty and disinterestedness in him! *when at the same time, without any great and apparent need of his talents for the salvation of his country, he does consent to stand.*

But this would generally be thought of no great consequence. People would suppose that it was saying no, when one means *yes*, like a silly girl, who is uncertain whether her lover will be best pleased with her consent in a direct and simple style, or with a little sprinkling of prudery. But Mr. Jackson's friends and partizans have not permitted us to leave the matter so. Nothing has been too gross and disgusting for them to say about Gen. Dearborn's alleged *desire* of the office, and his alleged motives for desiring it. Motives more mean, sordid and villainous—or motives more contradicted by Gen. Dearborn's whole life, or more degrading to true dignity, could not be ascribed to him, than have been by Mr. Hallett & Co. But Jackson, on the other hand, is all purity and elevation. *He* "dont want the office;" he dont seek it, not he; he is another Roman!

The pretended fact of Jackson's not "wanting to take the office" has been set forth with such a frequency and parade, that an impartial spectator would have thought that in the opinion of his friends it was his principal recommendation! It has been sent over the district side by side with the false and slanderous imputation that Gen. Dearborn was *seeking the office*.

Yet because this stale trick is exposed to the people by one who has served them and has seen too much of politicians to be taken with such *chaff*, a fearful cry is raised. "Oh! here is an attack upon Mr. Jackson's private character! Oh what a libel! Oh what a wretch!"

Gentlemen managers of the anti-concern! stop a bit and consider. Have you not proceeded upon rather too low an estimate of the capacity of the people whom you expect to move at your bidding? May not some of them perceive that it is no attack upon a man's *private* character to *show* that he really *does* want an office, in reply to his friends or to *himself*, when he or they have said that he does *not* want it; and, wonderful to tell, try to make it out that therefore he ought to have it!

To attempt and *affect* to construe this into an attack upon Mr. Jackson's private character, (which I believe to be good) and in that way to excite sympathy and gain votes for him, is a trick, a deception more mean and base than the foolish farce which was first got up of "never seeking and never declining;" which farce it was my original design to unmask and expose. My object is accomplished. Rely upon it, Mr. Editor, Jackson's claims will be placed on some other foundation hereafter. No more ink and paper will be expended to convince the electors that he "does not want the office!" nor will he any more of-

for that to gentlemen, heretofore his political friends, and he professing to be theirs, as an excuse or justification of the position in which he now stands.

DEDHAM.

P. S. I did not until yesterday see the civil charge of 'lying,' which the Free Press threw out so many days ago If I had seen or heard of it sooner, I should have replied sooner.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

SATURDAY NOON, JUNE 8, 1833.

NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT.

Touch me and prick your fingers.—Free Translation.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

WACOUSTA, OR THE PROPHECY, is an English work of which we know not the author, and has been republished as a part of Waldie's Circulating Library, a compilation which well deserves the patronage of the public. We shall endeavor to give some idea of the plot of Wacousta.

The scene is laid at Detroit, where the author has evidently never been, as he does not describe the localities with any sort of accuracy. Col. De Haldimar, who stands for Major Gladwyn, commands the post, and his two sons are officers under him. On one eventful night he is visited and threatened in his quarters by one whom he has supposed long dead, and

"Dead or alive good cause has he
To be his mortal enemy."

How the mysterious visiter gains ingress or egress cannot be discovered, and it is soon found that the Colonel's oldest son is missing. The sentinel at the gate is arrested and tried for neglect of duty and shot to death, whereupon his wife imprecates curses on the whole family of De Haldimar, whence the name, The Prophecy.

The rest of the story relates the attempts of Wacousta, the enemy above alluded to, to take the fort and destroy the family of its commanding officer. He succeeds in slaying the younger son of his foe as well as his only daughter and perishes himself in the act of bereaving this last of life.—Toward the end of the book it appears that this implacable enemy is an Englishman, Sir Reginald Morton. He had been the brother officer of Col. De Haldimar who had supplanted him in love, and procured his disgraceful expulsion from the English army. From that time he had devoted his life to the pursuit of revenge.

The plot, it will be admitted, is extravagant and unnatural, and has no moral. There is little variety in the characters. They do not make themselves known in dramatic form; indeed there is scarce a sentence spoken from beginning to end by which, taken alone, the reader could identify the speaker. The author misrepresents Indian life and manners and does much violence to the integrity of history. Most of the scenes, especially the love scenes, are in bad taste. Nevertheless, Wacousta is, in our opinion, a work of very considerable merit. The tone of military society is well depicted, whence we infer that the writer is a soldier. The ladies are not dowdies like Cooper's, and if the Indian actors are not drawn from life, it is from want of knowledge, not ability, that they are misrepresented. All writers of Indian stories are open to the same censure. The author has abundance of invention and makes incident follow incident in such rapid succession that there are few parts where we can lay the book down. If his characters are not natural, they are at least interesting. Wacousta especially is unique; a bold expression of the writer's great power. Wherever he appears the interest is so strong as to be absolutely painful. To conclude, notwithstanding the faults of the work, which are as numerous as its pages, it has a certain *je ne sais quoi* which rivets the attention. We will venture to affirm that no one who peruses the three first chapters will lay it down without reading it through.

THREE YEARS IN AMERICA, by James Stuart. At last a miracle has happened: we have had among us an English traveler whose judgement is untainted by prejudice and who is almost wholly free from that ridiculous John-Bullery which makes a Briton a laughing stock among the nations. Mr. Stuart has seen and represented things as they are. He extenuates nothing and nothing does he set down in malice; and thereby we think, he has injured the circulation and sale of his work in this country. Had it been a flippant libel like the silly travels of Basil Hall, or the acrimonious vulgarity of Mrs. Trollope, it would, no doubt, have put the people of these most sovereign states ina fever of patriotism—it would have been read, damned by the press, and carried to the sixth edition at least. We should have given the world another proof that we are a thin-skinned people.

There is no harm in the book. It is written in a liberal, gentlemanly style, and in very decent language. It is apparent, even from the first chapter, that Mr. Stuart is not a man of extraordinary genius and is yet no fool. What he has seen he has set down; generally without offering any comment, and in the most inoffensive manner. He has collected a vast number of facts, which, we think, will prove useful and acceptable to such Britons as desire to know any thing about this country, though native Americans will find little in them that they did not know before. We know not whether to recommend his book or not. It may certainly be useful to many, though its merits are rather of a negative quality. We subjoin a sample of the whole.

My driver was a free man of color. He gave a frightful account of the treatment to which he and all the people of color, whether free or slaves, are subject in this state. He had been accustomed formerly to go every season to the state of New York during the period when, owing to the inhabitants leaving the city, business was almost at a stand; but, by an act passed a few years ago, it is declared that a free person of color leaving the state, though merely crossing the boundary, shall not be allowed to return; and as he has a wife and family, he feels himself really and truly a prisoner in the state of South Carolina. The same law declares, that it shall not be lawful for free persons of color to come from another state into this. If they should be brought in a vessel, they are immediately confined in jail till the vessel is ready to proceed to sea,—the captain paying the expenses of their detention. It is now contrary to law that even free persons of color should be educated; they are incompetent witnesses in any case where the rights of white persons are concerned; and their trials are conducted by a justice of the peace and freeholders, without the benefit of a jury. So far as respects the slaves, they are even in a worse situation; for, though their evidence is in no case admissible against the whites, the affirmation of free persons of color, or their fellow-slaves, is received against them.

I was placed in a situation at Charleston which gave me too frequent opportunities of witnessing the effects of slavery in its most aggravated state. Mrs Street treated all the servants in the house in the most barbarous manner; and this, although she knew that Stewart, a hotel-keeper here, had lately nearly lost his life by maltreating a slave. He beat his cook, who was a stout fellow, until he could no longer support it. He rose upon his master, and gave him such a beating that it had nearly cost him his life: the cook immediately left the house, ran off, and was never after heard of,—it was supposed that he had drowned himself. Not a day however passed without my hearing of Mrs. Street whipping and ill using her unfortunate slaves. On one occasion, when one of the female slaves had disobliged her, she beat her until her own strength was exhausted, and then insisted on her barkeeper, Mr. Ferguson, proceeding to inflict the remainder of the punishment. Mrs. Street in the meantime took his place in the bar-room. She instructed him to lay on the whip severely in an adjoining room.—His nature was repugnant to the execution of the duty which was imposed on him. He gave a wink to the girl, who understood it, and bellowed lustily, while he made the whip crack on the walls of the room.—Mrs. Street expressed herself quite satisfied with the way in which Ferguson had executed her instructions; but, unfortunately for him, his lenity to the girl became known in the house, and the subject of merriment, and was one of the reasons for his dismissal before I left the house; but I did not know of the most atrocious of all the proceedings of this cruel woman until the very day I quitted it. I had put my clothes in my portmanteau, when I was about to set out, but finding it was rather too full, I had difficulty in getting it closed to allow me to lock it; I therefore told one of the boys to send me one of the stoutest of the men to assist me. A great robust fellow soon afterward appeared, whom I found to be the cook, with tears in his eyes; I asked him what was the matter? He told me that, just at the time when the boy called for him, he had got so sharp a blow on the cheek-bone, from this devil in petticoats, as had unmanned him for the moment.—Upon my expressing commiseration for him, he said he viewed this as nothing, but that he was leading a life of terrible suffering; that about two years had elapsed since he and his wife, with his two children, had been exposed in the public market at Charleston for sale,—that he had been purchased by Mr. Street, that his wife and children had been purchased by a different person; and that though he was living in the same town with them, he was never allowed to see them; he would be beaten within an ace of his life if he ventured to go to the corner of the street. Whenever the least symptom of rebellion or insubordination appears at Charleston on the part of a slave, the master sends the slave to the jail, where, for a trifling *douceur* to the jailer or his assistants, he is whipped or beaten as the master desires.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN; BY MRS. JAMESON. In these two volumes Mrs. Jameson has sustained her claim to be considered a truly elegant writer. The work consists of analytical examinations of the characters of Shakspeare's principal female creations, which are conducted with much ability, though with a pardonable partiality to the sex. Shakspeare, Mrs. Jameson thinks, is but another name for Nature. Shakspeare made his prominent women extremely amiable; ergo, the sex are angels. We know a great many women who more resemble devils. However, the work is such a one as we can fearlessly speak well of. It will be read, and whosoever shall read it will find the task a pleasure. Were it not superfluous to praise any production of Mrs. Jameson's pen, we could say much more in favor of this book.

THE NOVELIST'S MAGAZINE. We have waited to see a good part of this work in order to be able to make up our mind with regard to its deserts.—One merit it certainly has—it gives the reader a vast amount of matter for a fourth of the sum it would cost him at the bookshops. An account of the table of contents will convey an idea of the work, as well as of the editor's taste and discrimination.

The first number contains Henry Masterton, of which we have a small opinion, though it was extravagantly puffed by the Traveler and other newspapers. Certain tales by L. E. L. are very readable matters. We cannot say as much of Barney Mahoney; simply because we have not read it.—Clan Albin is an excellent work. We read it fifteen years ago, and the impression is still fresh in our memory. The editor would do well to republish De Bruce, by the same author. A Marriage in High Life, the Mourning Ring and A Year and a Day are works of more than ordinary merit.

We think that the editor of this work has shewn a taste and judgment in the selection of materials for his work which the public ought to reward.—We hope and believe that the Novelist's Magazine will be continued.

THE YOUNG FLORIST, by Russell, Odiorne & Co. We pretend not to judge this little book. We scarce know a squash vine from an apple tree, and of flowers we can only say that we love to see and smell them. It seems to us that the author has accomplished his view as expressed in the following introduction.

This work is designed by the author to attract young persons to that delightful employment, the cultivation of a flower garden. It consists of familiar dialogues between the juvenile cultivators: the scenes of which are laid in the garden and the fields, so as to impart reality and animation to their inquiries. With the study of flowers he has endeavored to intermingle a taste for natural history, by introducing many incidental facts relative to insects, &c. that naturally suggest themselves in the culture of a garden. How well he has succeeded, the public must judge.

BOOK OF QUADRUPEDS FOR YOUTH. This is a duodecimo volume of some 300 pages, with nearly as many wood engravings, and is made up of pleasant descriptions of various kinds of quadrupeds, by that industrious and skilful compiler, Mr. S. G. Goodrich. The engravings are good, though not all of them new. In one or two instances we find an engraving without a description, thus on the 276th page, we are left at a loss to know whether the group of a dozen oppossums hanging together by their tails in a mass from the branch of a tree, is a true representation of the habits of the animal or merely a freak of the engraver. The preface begins with an avowal that no scientific arrangement has been pursued. We cannot consider this a recommendation of the book.

PROFESSOR WRIGHT.

We have had among us, during the last week, an incendiary, by the name of Wright, said to be a Professor in some Western Academy, preaching the doctrine of Universal Emancipation.

We think our friends of the Colonization Society have misjudged greatly in admitting him to the rank of an equal, and holding public discussions with him He ought to be regarded as an enemy to his country for no man who desires to perpetuate the union of these States can support a cause that must tend inevitably to drive the slave holding section out of it.

We, therefore, submit it to the good sense and patriotism of New England, as a matter entitled to solemn consideration, whether such agitators should not be indignantly frowned down. They are devoid of reason in their view of the subject, if they are sincere in their purpose.—*Atlas.*

We deny that Professor Wright is an incendiary as flatly as the writer of the above libel would refuse a penny for any honorable or charitable purpose. Mr. Wright is not only said to be, but actually is, a professor, a learned and honored professor in a western college. Mr. Finley, who was his opponent in debate is not, indeed, his equal; he proved himself his inferior in debate by retailing gossip in answer to the sterling arguments he adduced and by descending to vulgar vituperation, which Mr. Wright scorned to retort, though truth would have allowed him so to do. We appeal to the auditory for the truth of these assertions.—Whoever shall say that the colonization champion or the writer of the offensive article in the Atlas is Mr. Wright's equal will pay them a compliment as great as it will be undeserved. We do not mean to undervalue Mr. Finley: he is a *longwy* speaker, and no doubt an honest man, but still by no means Mr. Wright's peer. A *merely* honest man is *not* "the noblest work of God." There goes something more than simple good intention to that title, and that something Mr. Wright's friends may safely ascribe to him. He is as much distinguished for learning and ability as for the exercise of christian virtues.

We believe the writer would, had he lived in the reign of Tiberius, have regarded the Saviour and his apostles as enemies to their country.—They preached precisely the tenets advocated by Mr. Wright:—justice—mercy—love of God—good will to men. We too "submit it to the good sense and patriotism of New England" whether such preachers as the learned professor shall be "frowned down" without a hearing. "Devoid of reason," truly! Their very enemies admit that they are right in principle, and that all that remains to be decided is a question of expediency. Were it not so, shall we take the *ipse dixit* of the Atlas scribbler for a guide, and frown down whoever he pleases to proscribe? Will Mr. Wright's principles drive the South from the Union? The South knows better. The moment she secedes she falls into the hands of her wronged servile population, whom the fear of Yankee bayonets alone keeps under now. Is there danger in preaching abolition? Grant it; but is there not greater danger in the continuance of slavery? Millions of men will not continue slaves forever, and it is to prevent a continental St. Domingo massacre that Mr. Wright and his colaborers are working. They have a right to be heard, and heard they will be, though all the white slaves in the north should clamor in order to drown their voices. Heard they have already been, to good purpose. Seldom have principles spread so rapidly as theirs. They constitute the ground tackle on which the South must depend in the storm which every one sees is approaching. Immediate abolition has been effective wherever it has been tried. Experience proves that there is no danger in it. All other methods have failed.

We are told that slavery is recognized by the constitution, and let us suppose that it is. Let us also suppose that at the time when these States then colonies, were oppressed by Britain, one of them, Connecticut for example, had been in the habit of fitting out corsairs against all the world. Suppose that to gain the necessary aid of these sovereign corsairs our fathers had authorized their practice by a clause in the constitution—would that clause have been binding on us, their children? We contend that no human law can authorize or justify manifest, palpable, tangible wrong.

Slavery, forsooth, is the sole business of the South, and we must not interfere. But when the time shall come, as come it must, unless the despised abolitionists be heard, that the people of the South shall call for relief from the Black Sea that will overwhelm them, it will be our business. The muskets of the "Soul of Soldiery" and the "efficient and Honorable," useless as they are, will be put in requisition. Shall not those be thanked who endeavor to relieve the militiamen of the North from such liability? But a newspaper is not the proper place for controversy.

The piece which has given occasion for these remarks appears in the Atlas as editorial; nevertheless, nothing short of a distinct acknowledgment from Mr. Haughton himself will make us believe that he wrote it. It differs too widely in diction from the candid and gentlemanly manner which has ever been the principal characteristic of his writings. He is, we are satisfied, incapable of such miserable abuse. We would very respectfully caution him against permitting his editorial columns to become the vehicle of *ex parte* scurrility, and against trusting the control of the press with persons capable of inditing such articles as the above.

'LECTION.

On Monday afternoon we were informed that a general prop shaking might be expected on the Back Bay, and elsewhere, and therefore commenced our perquisitions.

At Chelsea a knot of small gamblers assembled and formed a ring for the purpose of shaking pegs. The names of the actors would any thing but grace our columns and are therefore omitted. They formed at about a gun-shot from the hotel, in a field beyond the premises, no such practices being permitted thereon. We stood nigh, in disguise of course, and witnessed the proceedings. The players proceeded with fear and trembling, and we heard our name often repeated. The stakes were seldom higher than four-pence-half-penny a shake and the shakers looked as they felt; as one of them said, as if they "had been dragged through H— and beaten with a soot-bag." Three or four "bursted" persons stood aside with a sort of melancholy, who-shall-I-borrow-from look; but no one came to their relief. We left the poor devils with mingled pity and disgust, to visit the Back Bay, where we expected sport, but found none. Some of the constables were more lucky and made a grand haul.

In the course of the afternoon we visited the common and saw strange sights. We saw about ten thousand women; and were surprised; for we have seen double the number assembled to witness an execution. Certain trumpets emitted martial sounds—we turned and beheld about a score of horsemen in fools' jackets making their way up

all. The style in which they sat upon their horses made us groan—each looked as though suddenly attacked by a violent fit of the cholic. After sundry desperate efforts to keep their seats and to prevent their cart-horses from running over each other and the unarmed multitude, they succeeded in deploying, in much admired confusion, upon the common. We must not forget their costume, which was as ill adapted to light cavalry as might be. Tight laced coats prevented them from brandishing their death-threatening sabres and their caps and feathers were of the heavy infantry sort; that is to say, the sword arm was constantly employed to counteract the jolting of their backs in keeping their head gear on their heads.

They entered an enclosure of ropes at the north corner of the common and there began to perform the duty of sentinels and keep the crowd off, a duty which, though we are somewhat acquainted with military life, we never saw mounted troops perform before. Their patriotic labors were duly appreciated. Wherever they appeared, they were greeted with sneers, hisses, and other expressions of scorn. In one or two instances we saw stale quids of tobacco and other offensive missiles projected at their military persons. Some of them, nevertheless, seemed vain of the figure they made; but the majority were evidently ashamed of the part they played.

The governor's seat and one or two wooden settees were placed within the ropes. Whenever the galloping cavalry left them for a few paces, herds of boys broke in and overset them, and the emissions from thousands of gruff and shrill throats clamored applause. The seats were, however, restored to their equilibrium by the "malicious" chivalry as fast as they were thrown down. Also, the dragoons pursued the mischievous urchins about the square, with their gleaming weapons brandished in their hands. The smaller boys ran for dear life, but we noticed that wherever a lad of fifteen or upwards faced a "soldier" the latter dropped his point and descended to expostulation.

All this while the guards rode round the ring, if a parallelogram may be called a ring, keeping off the mob with the dull edges of their broadswords. "I've as good a right here as you," cried a youth to one of the sentinels, whereupon the latter aimed a blow which would have demolished the recusant, had it alighted upon him. As it was, the swordsman only cut one or two feathers from his own crest. If his scymetar had been sharper it would have sheared away the whole plume, no doubt. Presently we saw one horseman employ a new mode of intimidation. He approached a part of the enclosure where the juveniles were peculiarly pressing, stood erect in his stirrups and made several lunges, at the distance of ten paces from the enemy, with great vigor. While thus laudably employed, a general hiss made his horse bolt ahead, and the gallant swordsman was thrown on the crupper, to his own grievous mortification and the infinite delight of the bystanders. If our governor must have cavalry at his childish parades he ought to choose his cavaliers better. The hostlers of Boston, bating the flapping of their elbows, would make a very respectable figure on horseback.

"Here comes smooth-face!" shouted the mob, as a beardless youth, who gave himself more airs than were needful, spurred his Rosinante towards them. Enraged to be thought young, the huzzar made a blow at the loudest of the shouters, but missed, and a general rush toward him took place. Ten pairs of hands were laid upon him, his horse's heels became entangled in the ropes of a marquee which stood hard by, and he presently fell supine from the pinnacle of his 'lection day exaltation. He rose, pulled up his breeches with both hands, clambered, with assistance, to his saddle, and rode off disconsolate, to "keep guard" in a more peaceable quarter.

At the part where we stood a cavalier approached and somewhat prereinptorily commanded us to stand off and form "a round corner." Forthwith certain boys shouted "Hurrah for Round Corner!" and whenever he came that way the same greeting saluted him. Round Corner became a marked man, and retained his name for the day.

A constable exercised his brief authority rather harshly, striking the boys right and left with his staff, a malversation in office which excited the indignation of the spectators, and they immediately did their worst to annoy him. The following dialogue took place within, and evidently intended for, his hearing.

1st Mob. "Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority"—who would be a constable?

2nd Mob. Not I for any sum. I would rather be a dog *(Dog, pronounced very emphatically.)*

3rd Mob. I would rather be a beggar's dog—which is a nobler animal.

1st Mob. I should not mind the duty if it were not for the disgrace. Did you ever mind how a constable is always despised?

2nd Mob. Yes, and how well he deserves it.—What a poor miserable set they are!

Much more was said of the same purport, evidently insincere and intended to provoke the obnoxious individual to wrath; for when another and more civil officer appeared several of the speakers proffered their hands and addressed him in a respectful manner. It was a lesson to those who heard to bear their faculties meekly.

Finally the line was formed, if that can be called a line which was more crooked than a worm fence and the extremities of which were the greatest possible distance between two given points apart.—The governor took his seat and the troops passed in review, right in front.

"Drums rattled, shriek'd the fifes, the trumpets bray'd,
And Yankee Doodle was the tune they play'd.
The gallant chiefs with martial glory fir'd,
Cock'd up their snouts, cock-sure to be admir'd;
And, marshaling their still step-losing crew,
Hummed as they march'd, doo-doodle—doodle-doo."

Such marching we have seldom seen, though we have some experience in marching, Such uniforms!—in which there was no uniformity. No four of the company were dressed alike. It was really a scandalous sight, well calculated to bring the system dear to the heart of every child, and which our governor adores, into utter contempt.—We could take a score of rustics from the ploughtail, and, in a week drill them into a better lockstep than a hundred and ninetyfive years have been able to communicate to the Ancient and Honorable.—They would at least have nothing to unlearn.

All who were present retired with a full conviction that the discipline of the militia system contributed mainly to the slaughter of certain Englishmen at Lexington and Bunker Hill. We were satisfied that under such instructers as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company the "citizen soldiers" of Boston could not fail to become deeply versed in the mysteries of tactics. As for the parraders themselves they seemed to enjoy the frolic hugely, as did all other children present, great and small. They probably had no better use for their time.

HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

A person who passes for a gentleman in the world lately called upon us and communicated the information contained below. He made it a condition, however, that his name should not appear in the matter, and that the strongest precautions should be taken to disguise his hand and otherwise prevent the persons concerned from knowing who our informer might be, because, he said, such exposure would cost him his life. He would not permit us to use names, and indeed we have no desire to give them, unless the facts could be corroborated by legal evidence. His notes are now lying before us, and if we do not publish them verbatim, it is only because we are obliged, by the terms of our bargain with our timid assistant, to rewrite them. Furthermore, these things being known, we shall regard any question on the subject from any gentleman or lady as an act of the grossest impertinence. We have made and shall continue to make inquiries which may lead to the conviction of the villains concerned, and if successful, the result of our labors shall be laid before the public. Thus runs our assistant's journal, in substance:

"I was a young man, (he is not twenty-five now) and, by my father's kindness, began business before I was of age. I married a lady who was and still is dear to me, and with her acquired property to the amount (in cash and real estate) of about fifteen thousand dollars. We had two children, and I can truly say that my home was a happy one. There was one in it who always gave me a kind welcome, and whose confidence in my prudence and integrity was unlimited.

"A widow who had a bowing acquaintance with my wife called on us and invited us to a party at her house. She was so urgent that, light and trivial as we thought her, we had no hearts to refuse. On the night we were to go, we received a note, stating that my father-in-law would visit us in the course of the evening, and my wife resolved to stay at home. I would have remained too, but she insisted that I should go to the widow M. and excuse her breach of promise. I went accordingly, and it may as well be said here as elsewhere, that the above mentioned letter was a forgery, and that my father-in-law did not come. Still, it was long before I believed that one so conspicuous in the ranks of fashion as the widow M—— could descend to the grovelling meanness of a decoy duck.

"I met with many persons of my acquaintance, and associated with them as usual. Three of them, a lawyer, a merchant, and a clerk in a public office, attached themselves to me particularly, and when I rose to go home, which I did early, they offered to accompany me. On our way home we came to a tavern, (it is not a thousand miles from Franklin street) and one of these dear friends, whom I shall call Charles, asked me and the other two to go in and drink with him. We did so.—Whether the liquor was drugged or not, I cannot say, but certain I am that drink never affected my brain as it did then, before or since. I became vainglorious and quarrelsome, and when my companions turned the conversation upon billiard playing, I offered to give either of them ten and beat him. The offer was accepted by Charles, who either was, or pretended to be, as drunk as myself. Nevertheless, he played with remarkable skill.—We began at a quarter of a dollar a rub, but the bets increased in magnitude as I became more and more excited. I lost all the money I had about me, and played "on tick" till my word was pledged for three hundred more. I did not know how deeply I had dipped till I stopped, a little after midnight, to cast up, and the shock sobered me, for a space. I departed, notwithstanding the entreaties of my companions, and the last words I heard from Charles, was an offer to give me a chance to win my money.

"This affair took place in the third story of a tavern. There were two billiard tables in the room and one for pool. I believe they were placed there merely to draw the unwary, as among the many I have since seen enticed into this den of iniquity I never saw one sheared so close as I was. But there were other apartments on the same floor, where cards, dice, and other gambling instruments were in daily and nightly operation.

"For the first time since my marriage, my wife blushed for her husband on his return home. I had not then learned to lie to her as I have since done, excusing my absence on the score of business. I was not then a liar, cheat, ruffian and drunkard as, for a time, I was and every man must be who makes gaming his principal employment. But enough of this; my object is to relate facts—such facts as may serve to preserve others from vices and misfortunes like mine.

"Neither I nor my wife suspected the true character of Mrs. M. or the rascals who had gulled me. They moved about in good company, wore good clothes and stood high in society. When I became sober, I reflected that I could play a very good game of billiards and I determined to win back what I had lost and then stop forever. I repaired again to the tavern, sent for Charles, and began on a new score. I refused to drink, though often requested to do so, and our skill being about equal, so was the luck. After two or three matches which had no particular result (for there is no cheating at billiards), Charles proposed to me to try my fortune at cards. I consented and a partner was assigned me who played into my enemy's hands. I was stripped again. It is useless to say how and at what times I was plundered. It is enough that in the short space of six months I lost all my own property and half of what my wife had brought me. She knows it not and I fear I shall never muster courage to tell her.

"At last the scales fell from my eyes. I had suspected foul play more than once in my own instance; but I was never fully convinced till I saw a young southerner ruined in the most shameful manner."

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION.

We have been again to this curious exhibition.—Much we saw, and much more we should have seen had it not been for the abominable bonnets of two fat, ugly old women who sat before us. In the course of the evening the hags took off their heads, and shewed what we expected to see, viz. two polls, one of which was bald and the other gray. No decent looking woman would wear anything longer or broader than a calash in such a place.

We observed that Mr. Maelzel placed his fingers on the Turk's desk at every move, thereby, we thought, directing the game. We mention this circumstance simply because the manner in which the engine is managed has been the subject of some dispute. Some have said that a man is concealed in the machine, which we are satisfied is impossible; others have arrived at the conclusion we have formed, which seems to us the only rational one; for no one who plays the game can believe that less than volition can control the pieces.

The trumpeter has, evidently, a barrel organ in his chest, by means of which he electrifies the female part of the audience. His face is ill made and stupid, his figure is stiff. Still he is a wonderful piece of mechanism.

The rope-dancing automata are beyond our comprehension. The rope on which they prance is no rope. It is composed of two pieces of timber, which form an obtuse angle at the middle.—The dancers sit upon them without any apparent support. They stand on their heads, they hang by one hand, and all the while there is no stiffness about them. They appear living and breathing creatures. We have seen rope-dancers before whom we took for machines—these machines we almost thought rational creatures. Perhaps had it not been for the accursed head-gear before mentioned we might have detected some of the springs by which they are moved.

The Conflagration of Moscow is a piece of natural magic for which we can by no means account. We saw it, and every one ought to see it.

It matters not by what means the notions of Mr. Maelzel's automata are accomplished. They are as wonderful proofs of mechanical ingenuity as this puff is of disinterestedness, (as it will appear to the editor of the Traveler, when he hears that we get nothing for it.)

THE PEPPER BOX.

THE MERCANTILE JOURNAL.

A letter, ill written and worse spelled, which we have lately received, complains of the above paper on a score which has been entered on our books for a week or two. Some twenty advocates of immediate abolition, most of whom are members of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, subscribed to the Journal with the understanding that it was to promote their views. The paper was ever inefficient in the cause, and has lately passed into the hands of a gentleman who, whatever his talents may be, thinks the plan of immediate emancipation visionary and dangerous. Thereat the deceived persons hold themselves aggrieved, and several of them, beside the author of the letter before mentioned, have requested us to commence a small daily paper in opposition to the Journal.

We agree with them in the main, and as we have done, would still do our "speedy utmost" for the freedom of mankind; yet we fear we should not be sufficiently thorough-going to meet their views. We are not so anti-masonic as many whose intolerance sometimes disgraces the debates of the anti-slavery society; we do not consider every licensed taverner a poisoner, and we think kidnapper and villain terms inapplicable to the majority of slave-holders. Besides, though there is not that man alive who would sacrifice more to remove the stain of domestic slavery from our country's escutcheon than we, we are by no means secure of the support our friends so confidently promise us. We cannot convert the Galaxy into an anti-slavery paper; as such it would not suit our subscribers.—Our orthodox friends predicted a great increase of patronage, would we but alter our day of publication. We did alter it to please them, and the consequence has been loss, not gain. We have taken a pretty decided stand against slavery; yet the names of seven abolitionists only adorn our subscription list. Worldly gain, indeed, is not our ruling principle of action, but we do not hold ourself bound to sacrifice interest wholly. All that we can recommend to the discontented abolitionists is to withdraw their patronage from the Mercantile Journal and bestow it on some paper conducted on better principles.

We assert that no service can display a more elegant collection of uniforms than were yesterday paraded in the ranks of the Ancient and Honorable.—*Atlas.*

The article from which the above is an extract contains a catalogue of the *uniforms* in which the heterogeneous assembly of Ancient and Honorable youths were arrayed. May we not infer from the fact that the eulogist can find nothing to praise in the company but their garb, or rather garbs, that they possess no other military merit.

"Conscience in a Pocket." will not do for us.—Conscience should not hide anywhere. If the writer will give us his name and satisfy us that what he states is true, we will publish his letter.

Mr. Samuel Woods has stopped the Galaxy, because we changed the day of its publication to suit the sect commonly called "orthodox." Our expression of independence was, probably, too dependent for him.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. J. E. Hinckley, a printer, and a very valuable member of society, *while under the operation of Dr. Thompson's steam bath*, on Tuesday last. His disease was a pulmonary consumption.—*Post.*

ICELAND. Hans Finsten, a native of this remote quarter of Europe, has lately published an interesting pamphlet on the diminution of the population of Iceland, owing to unfavorable years He observes, that, previously to the fourteenth century, the number of inhabitants was computed at 120,000, but that at present it does not exceed 54,000. Hopes of a renewed increase are derived from the declining violence of volcanic eruptions, the lava and ashes of which have acted very prejudicially, both on the health of individuals and animals, as well as from the extension of horticulture and fisheries, the latter of which are no longer prosecuted in fragile barks, but in stout seaworthy vessels.—*Atlas.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Frederick W. Doane to Ann Sumner Wilde—Joseph Andrew Ignatius Carret, Esq. of Trinidad de Cuba, to Eliza Henchman Tidd, only daughter of the late Charles Tidd, Esq. of this city—Rev. Josiah Kendall Waite, of Fitzwilliam, N. H. to Abby C. Gibson.

In Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, Capt. George M. Weld to Harriet Louder.

In Milton, Stephen Wales, Jr. of Dorchester, to Lydia V. Read.

In Newton, Thomas Smallwood to Lavinia Phillips.

In Amherst, N. H. William G. Eaton, of Boston, to Elizabeth W. Boylston.

In New York, Dr. Granville Sharp Pattison, of Philadelphia, to Mary Sharpe, of Cheltenham, Eng

DEATHS.

In this city, David Tyler, Esq. 46, Vice Consul of His Catholic Majesty.

In Chelsea, Ephraim, eldest son of Capt. John Pierce, 20.

In Charlestown, William Jenks Fillebrown, 32, formerly of Cambridge.

In Cambridgeport, Mrs. Elizabeth Hathorne, 90, formerly of Salem.

In East Cambridge, Margaret Gifford, wife of Thomas McMain, 32.

In Dorchester, Wm. Francis, 4, and Sarah Weld, 2 years—youngest children of Joseph Bailey.

In Framingham, James Henry Boynton, 14 mos. only son of James Boynton, of Boston.

In Cincinnati, Mary, wife of B. S. Kendall, 32—a native of Boston.

DEATHS

Reported at the Health Office, in Boston, for the week ending June 7, at 12 o'clock M.

June 1	Ann Boyle	2 years.
" "	Child of Aaron Joy	1 day.
" "	Joel Clark	28 years.
" "	Ann Torry	25 "
" "	Mary J. Johnson	60 "
" "	Susan Colson	52 "
" 2	William A. Hatch	3¼ "
" "	George W. Sowden*	23 "
" 3	David Tyler	48 "
" 4	Timothy Cadogan	3 months.
" "	Jacob Eliot Hinckley	24 years.
" "	Silas Savage	25 "
" 5	John Cunningham	15 days.
" "	John Galvin	2 "
" "	Henry Gibson	5 years.
" "	Patrick York	40 "
" "	Charles Frederick Lobdell	15 months.
" "	William Dunn, Jr.	13 "
" "	Mary Hennecy	27 years.
" 6	Elizabeth Cavener	27 "
" "	John Miller	36 "
" "	Richard Skinner	21 "
" "	Crosby Howe	7 months.

Causes—Apoplexy, 2—consumption, 3—colic, 1—delirium tremens, 1—fits, 2—hip complaint, 1—infantile, 1—lung fever, 1—mortification, 1—pleurisy, 1—scarlet fever, 2—teething, 1—worms, 1—unknown, 4.

* Drowned May 26.

Males, 16—Females, 7. Still Born, —.

Maelzel's Exhibition,
AT CONCERT HALL.

MR. MAELZEL respectfully announces, that his EXHIBITION is now open for a short time.

It consists of the following pieces of Mechanism:

THE AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER—THE MELODIUM—THE MECHANICAL THEATRE—THE AUTOMATON TRUMPETER—THE AUTOMATA SPEAKING FIGURES AND SLACK ROPE DANCERS—and the PANORAMA OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

Performance every evening, (Sunday excepted,) to commence precisely at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7 o'clock

Admittance 50 cents—children half price. The two front benches are exclusively appropriated for children.

☞ Tickets may be had during the day at the Exhibition Hall, or at the door in the evening.

The Melodium will perform during the week: Overture from Masaniello, or the Dumb Girl of Portici, by Auber Ariet, l'Ultimogiorno di Pompei, by Paceini. may 25

Athenæum Gallery.

THE Annual Exhibition of PICTURES at the Athenæum Gallery opened on Wednesday, 15th inst.

WILLIAM T. ANDREWS,
ISAAC P. DAVIS,
THOMAS W. WARD,
WILLIAM J. LORING,
JONATHAN MASON,
THOMAS G. CARY,
} Committee.

may 18 istf

Grand Royal Arch Chapter of MASSACHUSETTS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a stated communication of the M. E. Grand Royal Arch Chapter of this Commonwealth, will be held at the Masonic Temple, on TUESDAY, the 11th inst, at 8 o'clock, P. M. The Officers, Members, and all concerned, will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

By direction of M. E. JOSIAH J. FISK, G. H. P.
Attest, SAMUEL HOWE, G. Sec'y.
june 4 1p

The Wondrous Tale of Alroy.

THE Rise of Iskander—by D'Israeli, author of Vivian Grey, the Young Duke, Contarini Fleming, &c. &c. &c. in two vols, 12 mo.

"Genius is stamped on every page—feelings such as the muse delights in, abound, nay, overflow, while a true heroic loftiness of soul, such as influenced devout men of old when they warred for their country, glows and flashes through the whole narrative."—Atheneum

"The dullest reader will perceive how rich are the materials he has employed—how full a scope the narrative presents, for stirring adventure, and for gorgeous description. The author too, is no fireside delineator of fancied pictures. He has visited the vast plains and the mighty ruins, the burning deserts and the mystic rivers he describes—he assists his imagination by his memory.

"In selecting extracts from the work, we are made the more susceptible of its genius and its defects—it is too achingly brilliant. Every page is loaded with poetical adornment."—New Monthly Magazine.

"Mr. D'Israeli's style is very brilliant—the active remark, the neat antithesis, the pointed sentence, sparkle over every page.—Ibid.

Received this day, and for sale by LILLY, WAIT & Co. 121, Washington street june 8

Frankenstein,

OR, the Modern Prometheus—by Mary W. Shelly. Author of the Last Man, Perkin Warbeck, &c. in 2 vols.

"Vigorous, terrible, and with its interest sustained to the last, Frankenstein is certainly one of the most original works that ever proceeded from a female pen."—Literary Gazette.

The Romance of a child of genius.—Canning.

One of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and forever.—Moore's Life of Byron.

This work will be universally acceptable.—Atlas.

Perhaps there is no modern invention which has taken more thorough hold of the popular imagination than Frankenstein.—Spectator.

Received this day, and for sale by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121, Washington street. june 8

New Books.

FOR sale by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street, Boston.

The Spectator in Miniature. Being the principal religious, moral, humorous, satirical, and critical Essays in that publication, compressed into 2 vols. with the names of the authors of the various essays. By Rev. F. Prevos and F. W. Blagdon, Esq. From the second London edition.

Mother at Home. Or the principles of Maternal Duty familiarly illustrated. By J. S. C. Abbott, Pastor of the Calvinist Church, Worcester.

Elements of Criticism. By Henry Home Lord Kames. Judge of the Court of Sessions in Scotland, &c. With analysis and translations of Ancient and Foreign Illustrations. Edited by Abraham Mills, A. M.

Old Mortality, and Heart of Midlothian, Part 5. of the complete works of Sir Walter Scott, with a biography:—Being the 1st American (and only) edition which contains the author's last additions and illustrations arranged upon their respective pages.

NEW STYLE. Rich SATIN STOCKS, plain and plaited, with bows, from French and English patterns and Yankee ingenuity now finishing and for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12 Washington street.

☞ Country traders are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. may 4

TREMONT THEATRE.

☞ *TO THE PUBLIC.* ☜

The Manager respectfully gives notice that in consequence of the extensive preparation at the FEDERAL STREET THEATRE, for producing with full effect, the new and splendid Drama of MAZEPPA, which requiring a great number of rehearsals,—alterations of the stage, &c. *that* Theatre will be closed for a few nights—and the remainder of MASTER BURKE'S engagement will be performed at the TREMONT THEATRE, which will be re-opened on MONDAY EVENING, as a continuation of the present SUMMER SEASON—and with the same arrangement as to prices of admission—viz. Boxes 75 cents—Third Tier 50 cents—Pit 25 cents—Gallery 25 cents.

Fourth Night of Master Burke,

On which occasion he will appear in the character of RICHARD THE THIRD.

ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 10th, 1833.

Will be presented, Shakspeare's Tragedy, in 5 acts, called

RICHARD III.

Richard,	- - - -	Master Burke.
Richmond	- - - - -	Mr. Smith.
King Henry	- - - - -	Mr. Johnson.
Buckingham	- - - - -	Mr. Gale.
Lady Anne	- - - -	Mrs. Smith.
Queen Elizabeth	- - -	Mrs. Barrett.

After which, MASTER BURKE will lead the Orchestra from the Stage in the celebrated *Overture to the "Nightingale,"* (1st time in Boston.)

To conclude with the admired Farce, of the

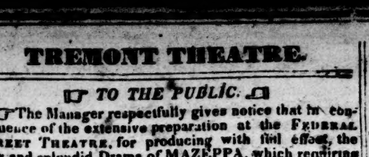
MARRIED BACHELOR.

Lady Courtall - - - Mrs. Barrett.

☞ PRICES. First and 2d tier of Boxes 75 cents—third tier 50—Pit 25—Gallery 25.

Doors open at 7 o'clock—performance to commence at half past 7.

Box office open daily at 11, A. M.



New Bathing Houses.

THE public are respectfully informed, that two new and separate buildings have been erected at Cragie's Bridge, containing twenty-one rooms, fitted up in a neat and handsome style, where warm and cold Bathing may be enjoyed with great convenience by both sexes.

The ladies' appartment is disconnected with the other, and so constructed as to give warm or cold shower baths in their rooms, and will be overseen constantly by a female, who will be entirely devoted to her visitors.

The subscribers having taken the above establishment for the present season, respectfully soliciting patronage of their friends and the public, assuring them of finding pure water, clean rooms and good attendance. A. & G. GRANT. tf may 18

Penny Cyclopædia

OF The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Parts 2d and 3d—for February and March. Just received at 121, Washington street, by *LILLY, WAIT & CO.* june 1

Dr. Franklin's Familiar Letters

AND Miscellaneous Papers, now for the first time published. By Jared Sparks. For sale by *LILLY, WAIT & CO.*
june 1 121 Washington street.

Waldie's Circulating Library,

NO. 19, containing Rambles of a Naturalist, by the late Dr. Godman. Just published by LILLY, WAIT & CO. may 25

GEORGE W. CHASE,
HAIR CUTTER,
No. 9, TREMONT HOUSE.
may 18 6m

CHARLES I. HORSMAN,

NO. 9, COURT STREET,

KEEPS constantly for sale a good assortment of the following articles of the latest fashion:

HATS.

Gentlemen's superfine black and drab beaver and beaver napt HATS; imitation beaver do; youth and children's do.

CAPS.

A large assortment of leather, cloth, hair, silk, velvet, circassian, and fancy CAPS, of the most fashionable patterns. Caps made to order of any pattern.

GLOVES.

English and French, buckskin, doe, and beaver GLOVES. Horse skin, goat, kid, and castor do. of the most fashionable colors. Berlin linen, and cotton thread do.

UMBRELLAS.

Silk, gingham, and oiled linen UMBRELLAS, of English, French, and American manufacture.

N. B.—C. I. H. will warrant his goods to be of the best quality. Orders for particular Hats, Fur or Silk, attended to at short notice. 2m may 18

BELL'S PASTE BLACKING BOSTON

THIS is the Standard Composition unrivalled for Excellence, Economy and Despatch, for sale at the WAREHOUSE, No. 28, Brattle street. april 20

Botany for Beginners.

THIS Day received by LILLY, WAIT & CO. Botany for Beginners. An Introduction to Mrs. Lincoln's Lectures on Botany. For the use of common schools, and the younger pupils of high schools, and academies. By Mrs. A. H. L. Phelps, (formerly Mrs Lincoln) author of Familiar Lectures on Botany. april 02

John H. Copp;

20 STATE STREET, has for sale a rich assortment of French, English and American *BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS.*

Also—a large quantity of Ready Made Clothing. april 20 tf

History of the Crusades

AGAINST the Albigenses in the Thirteenth Century. From the French of J. C. L. Simonde de Siemondi, Correspondent of the Institute of France, &c. Honorary Member of the University of Wilna, &c.—First American Edition. Published by B. B MUSSEY, 29, Cornhill. june 8

Just Published,

BY LILLY, WAIT & CO, 121, Washington street, BLACKWOOD, THE METROPOLITAN, and the FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XII. New Haven edition, for $7 only per annum.

Contents. The Factory System—Revolution of Greece—the Chief, or the Gael and Sassenach—Scottish Landscape. june 8

National Portrait Gallery

OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS, published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Part 2—containing Portrait of President Andrew Jackson, by Longacre; Major General Israel Putnam and Miss Sedgwick.

Also, Gallery of the Graces. Part 3, just received at 121 Washington street, by LILLY, WAIT & CO. may 25

Stocks! Stocks! Stocks!

COUNTRY TRADERS will find at KIMBALL'S Manufactory, 12, Washington street, the greatest assortment of middling and low priced Stocks to be found in this city. —ALSO— Cravat Stiffners; Shirt Studs and Linen Collars, at low prices. april 14

Spurzheim's Anatomy of the BRAIN,

WITH a general view of the nervous system—translated from unpul lished French Ms. By R Willis, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. Just received at 121, Washington street, by *LILLY, WAIT & CO.* june 1

Compressed Chlorine Tooth Wash.
Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth and Cleansing the Mouth.

THE Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash effectually cleanses the Teeth, and will answer the purposes of the best dentifrice. It contains no acid or any ingredient which can in any case be injurious. It will also be found to keep the brush itself free from all impurities.

It has the further advantage of cleansing the mouth also; and of removing whatever is offensive in the breath. It hardens the gums, and is a valuable remedy for canker or soreness of the mouth. In fine it preserves the teeth and mouth in all respects in a clean and healthy condition. It is agreeable to the taste. Gentlemen who are in the habit of using tobacco, will find that the tooth wash will speedily remove all the effects of it from the mouth.

From Benjamin Silliman, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in Yale College.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—I return you my thanks for the bottles of Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash which I have received, and which I cannot doubt will prove beneficial, as the ingredients named by you, and confirmed by Mr. Hayes, are all salutary in regard to the object in view.

I will use the preparation at your request, and should I see any cause to dissent, I will write to you on the subject.

I remain, gentlemen,
Yours respectfully,
B. SILLIMAN.

New-Haven, Conn. March 28, 1832.

From J. W. Webster, M. D., Erving Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University.

Harvard University, Cambridge, March 14, 1831. I have examined the 'Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash,' received from you, and have no hesitation in stating my belief that it will answer the purpose for which you have compounded it. I have discovered in it no ingredient which can prove injurious to the teeth.

Yours, &c. J. W. WEBSTER.

From A. Rea, M. D.
Portland, Me. Nov. 7, 1831.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—I received a bottle of Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash from you, for which I am much obliged to you. I believe it to be a valuable article, I have used it with very happy effect for cleansing the teeth and hardening the gums. Yours, &c. A. REA.

From Sylvanus Plympton, M. D.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—Gentlemen, I have frequently administered your Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash in various affections of the mouth and throat; such as Aphtha, attendant on Scarlatina and Choiera Infantum, Ptyalism, (mercurial sore mouth,) &c. and relief has been immediate and permanent. In a neuralgic affection of the face and head, (tic doloreaux) arising from a depraved state of the gums and defective teeth, which had resisted many powerful approved medicines, this Wash acted like a charm. I hesitate not to give it my entire approbation for the purposes for which it was made, and consider it one of the most safe, pleasant and effectual articles of the kind ever offered to the public.

I am yours, &c. S. PLYMPTON.
Cambridge, Dec. 9, 1831.

From Mr. A. A. Hayes, Operative Chemist and Superintendent of the Roxbury Chemical Works.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—Gentlemen: Having examined the bottle of Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash you gave me, and become acquainted with its composition, it affords me pleasure to express my belief that it well deserves the high reputation it has acquired. It does not contain any substance in solution or suspension, which can either chemically or mechanically injure the teeth, and observation and experience confirm the opinion, that its effects on the mouth are salutary and very agreeable.

With respect, A. A. HAYES.
Roxbury Laboratory, Feb. 8, 1832.

From J. V. C. Smith, M. D. Quarantine Physician for the Port of Boston, (late professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Berkshire Medical Institution.)

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—Although I have neglected to give your Tooth Wash a thorough personal trial, gentlemen of the profession assure me that it has answered their highest expectations. The medicinal articles which enter into its composition induce me to believe that its application to the ulcerated and otherwise diseased surfaces of the mouth and throat, will be appropriate, efficacious and satisfactory. Respectfully yours,
J. V. C. SMITH.

March 20, 1832.

☞ Recommendations from Drs. Shurtleff, Flint and others, may be examined on the wrapper of each bottle.

*** There are perhaps twenty imitations of this Tooth Wash, which wholly or partially assume the above name; none of which have any connexion with the genuine. The wrapper to each bottle is signed in the hand writing of LOWE & REED, inventors and sole proprietors. For sale by the Druggists generally. Price 50 cents.

nov 24 e3wly.

DR. WARNER'S PURIFYING VEGETABLE
Powders, or Family Bitters,
Yielding its Strength to Wine or Water.

As a security against counterfeits, the label will be signed by the wholesale agent, PARKER BARNES. Likewise the steel plate will be observed, as there is a spurious article, which has been offered to the public.

IN the Spring of the year, every one is troubled more or less with a propensity to sleep, and by the use of this corrective it can be obviated entirely. For purifying and eradicating all kinds of humors from the blood, even if they appear externally in the face, or any part of the body, it is much better and far more efficacious than any external application; in fact I seldom knew it to fail in proving effectual. The patient will find it operates more in the blood than any other preparation they ever referred to; it is far better than salts, sulphur, cream tartar, or any preparation of this kind, for when the blood is once purified with this corrective, it remains in an even temperature through the sammer months. For a foul stomach, jaundice, general debility, weakness of the limbs want of appetite, bilious and liver complaints, headache, stupor, &c. &c. For the catarrh, which is generally occasioned by the impure state of the blood, there is nothing extant that has proved so efficacious as this purifying corrective. For all of the above complaints it is seldom known to fail in proving an effectual remedy.

It is really worth the public attention, as every one is aware of the unpleasant, dull, heavy feeling which the spring of the year produces. And by the use of this corrective, it can be obviated entirely; every one who makes use of the above preparation, will be astonished at the mild and gentle effect it has on the blood.

Certificates. This is to certify, that I have been troubled in the spring and summer seasons with a dull and stupid feeling, which very much troubled me while about my business, and by taking some of Warner's Purifying Powders I have found it a perfect remedy, and with confidence can recommend it to others, who may be similarly affected. ELIAS PIKE.

Boston, April 16, 1832.

Joseph Moore of Boston, certifies that he has taken Warner's Family Corrective, or Purifying Powder for purifying the blood, and curing the jaundice, and likewise removing this propensity for sleep, and has found it an effectual remedy.

April 1st, 1832.

I hereby certify, that I have taken Warner's Vegetable Purifying Powder for the cure of the jaundice; likewise for purifying the blood, and removing this propensity for sleep which I am always troubled with in the spring of the year From the benefit which I have received for the above complaints, I cordially recommend it to all that may be similarly affected.

JOHN B. FINN.

Feeling grateful for the benefit which I have received from taking Dr. Warner's Vegetable Bitters, for the cure of the jaundice, weakness of the limbs, want of appetite, indigestion &c. do recommend it as a safe and efficacious remedy for the above complaints. F. COFFIN.

Boston, March 1st, 1833.

Other reference of its efficacy can be had by calling on the agent. To be had at wholesale of my sole Agent in this city, PARKER BARNES, No. 42½, Washington street; and retailed by all the principal Druggists in Boston and vicinity. m 30

The People's Magazine.

NO. 5. Price one dollar a year, is published this morning.

Contents. The River St. Lawrence, with an engraving of the pierced rock—A Turn for Business—The Puma, with two engravings—Steel Plates for engravings—Bridge across the River Silwund in Persia—Longevity—The Clove, with an engraving—The Sugar Cane, with engraving—A Curious River—Anecdote of the Stage—Deafness of the Aged—Cypress of Montezuma—Rise of Lake Erie—The Ettrick Shepherd—Inexhaustibility of Literature. LILLY, WAIT & CO.
may 18 121, Washington street.

WILLIAM BROWN,
RESTORER AND POLISHER,
No. 6, Devonshire street, opposite the Exchange Coffee House, Boston.

RESTORES and Cleanses Gentlemen's Coats, Pantaloons Ladies' Merino Shawls, Coats and Habits, Curtains, Cushions, &c. Military Dresses done in prime order.

Polishes Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots, Shoes, and Slippers, in a style a little superior to the best of them. april 27

Hats! Hats!! Hats!!!

GEO. W. EDMANDS, No. 47, Cambridge street, has just received a prime assortment of Hats of the latest style which will be sold as low as can be purchased in the city for cash. 1m5t a20

MISCELLANIES.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

EXTRACT FROM TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

"Who says that eels cannot be made used to skinning? The poor girls continued their preparations with an alacrity and presence of mind that truly surprised me. There was neither screaming nor fainting, and by the time the carriage was at the door, they, with two female domestics, were ready to mount. I cannot better describe their vehicle than by comparing it to a canoe mounted on four wheels, connected by a long perch, with a coach-box at the bow, and three gig bodies hung athwartships, or slung inside of the canoe, by leather thongs. At the moment we were starting, Mr * * * came close to me and whispered, 'Do you think your ship will still be in the river?'

"I answered that I made no doubt she was.

"'But even if she be not,' said he, 'the Holstein bank is open to us. Anywhere but Hamburgh *now*.' And the scalding tears ran down his checks.

"At this moment there was a bustle on the hill top, and presently the artillery began once more to play while the musketry breezed up again in the distance. A mounted bugler rode half way down the hill, and sounded the *recall*. The young officer hesitated. The man waved his hand, and blew the *advance*.

"'It must be for us—answer it.' His bugle did so. 'Bring the pitch men—the flax—so, now—break the windows, and let the air in—set the house on fire; and, Sergeant Guido, remain to prevent it being extinguished—I shall fire the village as we pass through.'

"He gave the word to face about, and desiring the men to follow at the same swinging run with which the whole of the infantry had originally advanced, he spurred his horse against the hill, and soon disappeared.

"My host's resolution seemed now taken. Turning to the sergeant—'My good fellow, the *reconnoisance* will soon be returning; I shall precede it into the town.'

"The man, a fine *vieux moustache*, hesitated.

"My friend saw it, and hit him in a Frenchman's most assailable quarter."

"Which is that, Tom?" said Aaron; "stem or stern—*a priori, or a pos?*"

"Now, don't, my dear sir," said I, intreatingly. He read on,—"The ladies, my good man—the ladies—you would not have them drive *pell-mell* in with the troops, exposed most likely to the fire of the Prussian advanced guard, would you?"

"The man grounded his musket, and touched his cap—'Pass on.'

"Away we trundled, until coming to a cross road, we turned down toward the river and at the angle we could see thick wreaths of smoke curling up into the air, shewing that the barbarous order had been but too effectually fulfilled.

"'What is that?' said * * *. A horse with his rider entangled, and dragged by the stirrup, passed us at full speed, leaving a long track of blood on the road. 'Who is that?' The coachman drove on, and gave no answer; until, at a sharp turn, we came upon the bruised and now breathless body of the young officer, who had so recently obeyed the savage behests of his brutal commander. There was a musket-shot right in the middle of his fine forehead, like a small blue point, with one or two heavy black drops of blood oozing from it. His pale features wore a mild and placid expression, evincing that the numberless lacerations and bruises, which were evident through his torn uniform, had been inflicted on a breathless corpse."

"But what became of the empty horse, Tom?" I laughed.

"Ah, you nauticals—no interest in that noble animal—all tar and pitch with you"——

Mr. Bang had before now been awfully gravelled, whenever he came in contact with the few words of German which had been introduced into the Log, but at present he was nonplussed altogether. Taking up the thread of the story which we have just dropped, the Log went on to say, "That the *stuhl wagen* had carried on for a mile farther or so, but the firing seemed to approximate, whereupon our host sung out"—"Lord," said Aaron, "what a queer dialect! Why, deuce take me if I can pronounce it! I say Thomas, how do you give this!"

"Why, as it is written, my dear sir; but stop, I will read it—*Fahrt Zu, Schwager—Wir Kommen nicht weiter.*" *The tenderness* of the German pronunciation, if he had ever heard it spoken, would have saved all the worthy fellow's scruples.

"The driver of the *stuhl wagen* skulled along, until we arrived at the beautiful, at a mile off, but the beastly when close to, village of Blankenese."

"Vile style that," again chimed in Aaron, "absolutely vicious—why, Tom"——

"Now, my dear sir," said I, "I have repeatedly told you I was a mere boy, and"——

"Poo, poo," quoth the planting attorney; "let me jog on."

"When the *voiture* stopped in the village, there seemed to be a *nonplusation*, to coin a word for the *nonce* between my friend, and his sisters. They said something very sharply; and with a degree of determination, that startled me. He gave no answer. Presently the Amazonian attack was renewed.

"'We *shall* go on board,' said they.

"'Very well,' said he; 'but have patience, have patience.'

"'No, no, *Wann wird man sich einschiffen mussen?*'

"By this time were in the heart of the village, and surrounded with a whole lot, forty at the least, of Blankenese boatmen. We were not long in selecting one of the fleetest-looking of those very fleet boats, when we all trundled on board, and I now witnessed what struck me as being an awful sign of the times. The very coachman of the *stuhl wagen*, after conversing a moment with his master, returned to his team, tied the legs of the poor creatures as they stood, and then with a sharp knife cut their jugular veins through and through on the right side, having previously reined them up sharp to the left, so that, before starting, we could see three of the team, which consisted of four superb bays when we started, level with the soil and dead; the near wheeler only holding out on his forelegs.

"We shoved off at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and after having twice been driven into creeks on the Holstein shore by bad weather, we arrived about two next morning safely on board the Torch, which immediately got under weigh for England. After my story had been told to the Captain, I left my preserver and his sisters in his hands, and I need scarcely say that they had as hearty a welcome as the worthy old soul could give them, and dived into the midshipman's birth for a morsel of comfort, where, in a twinkling, I was far into the secrets of a pork pie."

"A pork pie!" said Aaron Bang.

"A pork pie!" said Paul Gelid,

"Why do you know," said Mr. Wagtail—"I—why, I never *in all my life* saw a pork pie."

"My dear Pepperpot," chimed in Gelid, we both forget. Don't you remember the day we dined with the Admiral at the Pen, in July last?"

"No," said Wagtail, "I totally forget it." Bang, I saw, was all this while chuckling to himself—"I absolutely forget it altogether."

"Bless me," said Gelid, don't you remember the beautiful calipeever we had that day?"

"Really I do not," said Pepperpot, "I have had so many good feeds there."

"Why," continued Gelid, "Lord love you, Wagtail, not remember that calipeever, so crisp in the broiling?"

"No," said Wagtail, "really I do not."

"Lord, man, *it had a pudding in its belly.*"

"Oh, *now* I remember," said Wagtail.

Bang laughed outright, and I could not help making a hole in my manners also, even prepared as I was for my jest by my sable crony Pegtop.

Aaron looked at me with one of his quizzical grins; "Cringle, my darling do you keep these Logs still?"

"I do, my dear sir, invariably."

"What," struck in little Wagtail, "the deuce, for instance, shall I, and Paul, and Aaron there, all be emblamed or preserved" ('Say pickled," quoth the latter) "in these said logs of yours?" This was too absurd, and I could not answer my allies for laughing. Gelid had been swaying himself backwards and forwards, half asleep, on the hind legs of chair all this while, puffing away at a cigar.

"Ah!" said he half asleep, and but partly overhearing what was going on; "Ah, Tom, my dear, you don't say that we shall all be handed down to our poster"—a long yawn—"to our poster"—another yawn—when Bang, watching his opportunity as he sat opposite, gently touched one of the fore-legs of the balanced chair with his toe, while he finished Gelid's sentence by interjecting, 'iors,' as the couch fell back and floundered over on his stern. His tormenter drawling out in wicked mimicry—

"Yes, dear Gelid, so sure as you have been landed down on your posteriors *now*, ah, you shall be handed down *to* your posterity *hereafter*, by that pestilent little scamp Cringle. Ah, Tom, *I* know you—Paul, Paul, it will be *paulo post futurum*, with you, my lad."

Here we were interrupted by my steward's entering with his tallow face. "Dinner on the table, sir." We adjourned accordingly.

"We shall take the balance of the log to-morrow, Tom, eh?" said el Senor Bang.

[From the Philadelphia Military Chronicle.]

THE FANTASTICALS.

"Roll drums, merrily, march away,
Soldiers glory lives in story—
His laurels so green, his locks so grey,
Huzza for the life of a soldier."

On Monday last the 84th regiment, Pennsylvania millitia, vulgarly called "*bloody*," made their annual parade. Oh, it was a beautiful sight to witness, the "*nation's bull dogs*" in "full column," advancing, in all the "pomp and circumstance," not of war, but of peace, pure virgin peace, before thousands of admiring spectators. There was no glistening of arms—"to fright the souls of men"—no sharp edged sword, no frightful instrument of death to make

"The coward tremble, or the brave to quail."

The harmless pop-gun with bullets manufactured from that most serviceable of esculents, the potatoe, and broad-swords made of wood, from one to twenty-five feet in length were the only weapons

"All bright and beautiful they came."

the noble colonel "full in front," and *thousands* in the rear.

The appearances of this regiment would beggar description—tongue or pen would fail in conveying a correct idea of what the various dresses wore upon the occasion, were like; some were aranged in "curtain calicoes," of a most ancient fabric, made into garments, that fit the wearer, like "a shirt upon a bean-pole"—while, others were covered with huge comfortables, and party-colored bed-quilts—caps made of paper, leather, &c. &c. after the fashion of a sugar-loaf, and round, square and oval, each personage differing in appearance from his fellow; the whole forming an assemblage, the most grotesque and whimsical we have ever beheld.

We observed one (perhaps he was a sergeant,) whose sword, made of wood, towered far above the heads of his follow *soldiers*, and another carrying a like weapon, similar to those worn by our cavalry, but considerably rust-eaten, the scabbard of which was attached to a heavy iron chain, some ten feet long, and fastened round the neck—some had shad, nailed to a pole and carried as emblems, we presume, in lieu of flags—some wore enormous strings of red herrings, hung tastefully round the neck, while another oddity was dressed in a roundabout, attached to which were two mackerel by way of skirts. There were numerous banners with various devices and inscriptions, complimentary to those who opposed "military reform" at the late session of the Legislature. The renowned and redoubtable Col. *John Puck*, a former commander of the 84th regiment, on this occasion was repeatedly greeted with the enthusiastic huzzas of the *soldiery* and spectators. The whole display passed off with right good humor, although the weather was extremely unfavorable, and exhibited in a strong light of ridicule, the preposterous absurdity of our present militia laws.

The inscriptions upon the banners in relation to our state Legislators we most heartily condemn. The Senators of Pennsylvania are not in favor of the present Militia System—at the same time they are not disposed unconditionally to disregard the laws of the United States; which calls annually from each state a return of the enrolled citizens, to make known at any time the force of the country—to do this would indeed be to sleep in the arms of peace, from which lethargy, war or insurrection would not produce an instant but a cold and tardy disposition to awake, and when awake would have every preparation to make. Let something be done to encourage volunteers—keep up a regular and yearly enrolment—and abolish the *parades* of the militia, and the law will be complied with—little other than volunteer parades take place at the present training. Legislators will then have ground to work a *reformation* not an *abolition*.

[From the Liberator.]

HOW SLAVES ARE PROTECTED AT THE SOUTH.

The following facts I have from a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, who resided on the spot and ascertained them from personal observation and inquiry. I give them nearly in his own language.

A slave owner near Woodville, (Mississippi,) whose name I do not now remember, had *whipped to death* FIVE slaves within as many years, and had the hardihood to boast of it in public, threatening to continue the practice so long as he should live. Every one of these cases, as related to me, would have been proved by a northern jury *murder in the first degree*. The last one I will describe more particularly. The subject of cruelty was a *female*, aged 12 or 14 years. The master, somewhat under the influence of liquor, called the slave to him and charged her with some offence—I think stealing—but, as I was told, without the shadow of evidence. The slave denied the charge—the master proceeded to *whip* her, declaring that he would do so till she would own it. The slave protesting her innocence, at length fainted under the lash.—The master used means to restore her, and as soon as she revived, began again to apply the *whip* till she fainted the second time. Upon reviving the second time, she protested her innocence and begged her master to desist. But the monster continued to *apply the whip!* At length she proposed, if he would desist, to acknowledge the fault—with fiendish malignity, he then declared he would punish her for the fault itself. And accordingly he continued to lay on the *murderous lash* till she fainted—*never to revive!!* The next morning the murderer buried her beside the other *four*, and erected on her grave a *monument of logs!* The *five* graves are plainly to be seen, about 6 miles from Woodville, near the road, indicated by *piles of logs!*

Another man in the same neighborhood, by the name of WOODARD, (whose parents and friends live near Urbana, Ohio!) whipped a slave to death under similar circumstances.—He was not the owner of the slave, but was employed, or at least suffered by the owner to inflict the punishment. The slave fainted again and again, till, too much exhausted to endure longer, he fainted, to revive no more!

These two men were indicted, but I was told that, as in all similar cases, there was the mere *form*, without the force of a prosecution. And I was told, upon inquiring the reason, that *the effect of rigor in such cases would be ruinous* TO GOOD DISCIPLINE *among the slaves!!*

A man by the name of COON, also in the same neighborhood, took the life of a slave, under the following circumstances. The master's child went into the negro's hut and took a stool from the negro's child. The negro restored the stool to his own child and sent his master's home. The child complained of the slave to his father, who in a rage entered the negro's hut, seized the stool and threw it away, and threatened to *whip* the negro for his conduct. The slave justified himself and, refusing to be whipped, (as he had never been before) fled from his master. After a day or two he returned and promised his master to work faithfully, provided he might not be *whipped*. The master insisted upon giving the threatened *lashes*. The slave then told him that he had heard he had threatened to shoot him and turning on his heel added, if he did so he must do it soon. The master seized his *double bareled* gun, and discharged a load of small shot into the negro's thigh, which brought him to the ground. *Then running up near to the wounded man, as he lay on the ground, he drew up his piece deliberately, and taking a deadly aim, discharging a load of large shot into his head, which fractured his skull in a shocking manner and put an end to his existence in a few hours!!* The master told this story himself! The civil authorities took no notice of the affair, but, as the master was a *very worthy man*, they considered him sufficiently punished in the loss of his best slave, which he valued at $1000!!!

☞ Let Northern apologists for slavery, from the Christian Spectator down to the Boston Recorder, read and ponder! ☜

ELIZUR WRIGHT, JR.

TWO QUAKERS, A man convicted of murder at the Admiralty session is likely to escape hanging, in consequence of a legal objection to the jury, one of whom belonged to the society of Friends, and was not sworn according to law. The gaoler told the prisoner this objection? when he replied, 'It was very *friendly* of him, seeing that we were both *Quakers*.'

A KNOWING LAD. A school-master in Connecticut, while examining a boy from Rhode Island, in his catechism, asked the following question:—"How many Gods are there?" The boy, after scratching his head for some time, replied, "I don't know how many you've got in Connecticut—but we have none in Rhode Island."

SAFE GUESSING. A real Yankee, who never intended to err in *guessing*, being inquired of by his neighbor, as he was passing a farm yard, how much a certain ox would weigh, that stood near, answered—"Well, I don't know exactly, I guess he'll weigh 13,14, 15, 16, 17, 18 hundred, somewhere along there, no great difference from that any way."

Pulmonary Balsam.

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM. This truly valuable remedy has now been before the public for four years, and has proved itself the most valuable remedy discovered for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, or Phthisic, Consumption, Whooping Cough and Pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favourable accounts of its effects. The following new Certificates are offered for

PUBLIC EXAMINATION!

TO THE PUBLIC.

I, Daniel P. Brayman, of Richmondtown, R. I. felt it a duty to acquaint the public, that I have received the most unexpected relief in a severe complaint of the lungs, from the use of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. For three years previous to my trial of the Balsam, I had a severe pain in my breast, violent cough, frequent raising of blood attended with great prostration of strength. For the principal part of the above time, I was under the care of a skilful Physician in Boston, who employed beside many internal medicines, blistering, Seatons, &c. without any improvement in my case. Two months since I commenced with the Balsam, and have now taken two bottles! I am now able to labor most part of the time, have ceased to raise blood and am almost entirely relieved of my cough.

DANIEL P. BRAYMAN.

Boston, Feb. 21, 1832.

[From Dr. Samuel Morrill.]

To the proprietors of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

I am satisfied that the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is a valuable medicine. It has been used in this place with complete success in an obstinate complaint of the lungs, attended with a severe cough, loss of voice, and the raising of much blood, which had previously resisted many approved prescriptions. After using the Balsam one week, the patient's voice returned, and he was enabled to speak audibly. This case occurred some time since, and the man is now engaged not only in active but in laborious business. Respectfully yours, &c.

SAMUEL MORRILL.

Concord, N. H. Jan. 30, 1832.

[From Apollos Stephens, Esq.]

I have been troubled more than twenty years with the Asthma, and have had recourse to a variety of medicines. (Anderson's Cough Drops, Bateman's Drops, Welch Medicamentum, &c.) without experiencing much benefit. My complaint increased to such a degree that I despaired of relief, and had concluded to close my business; when, in 1830, I accidentally but fortunately obtained four bottles of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. I received them in October, at which time I was confined to the house. By the use of the said Balsam for one week, I was entirely relieved, and apparently restored to perfect health. In January last I had an attack of the Influenza, but was immediately cured by a few doses of the Balsam. I have been compelled to deal it out in small quantities to my neighbors for the influenza, which has been very prevalent this season, and it has in every instance relieved them. I do not feel easy that so large a portion of the human family should be deprived of an easy access to your valuable Balsam, and as I have been solicited by several physicians and many others to procure a quantity, I wish you to forward me one gross, on your usual terms, as early as possible. Yours, &c.

APOLLOS STEPHENS.

Copenhagen, Lewis Co. N Y. Feb. 11, 1832.

Sold wholesale by LOWE & REED, Nos. 24 & 26, Merchants Row, and by Druggists generally.

nov 17 e3dw

New Works.

LILLY, WAIT & CO. No. 121 Washington street, are agents, and have for sale the

Universal Atlas, to contain distinct Maps, of all the principal Kingdoms and States in the known world, and separate Maps of each of the United States. By H. S. Tanner. The publisher of the proposed work has been collecting materials, preparatory to the execution of it, for several years, in which he has been assisted by some of the ablest geographers in this country and in Europe. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of the above received.

Analytical Abridgment of the American Reports; upon a plan analagous to that of Petersdorff. This work is now in the press of Messrs. Treadway & Atwood of New York and by an arrangement with them, our edition of the same will be suspended. The first volume of this work will appear in a few weeks and be supplied by us.

Practical Treatise on the Law of Partnership, by N. Gow

Selwyn's Nisi Prius, with notes by Wheaton, and additional notes by Wharton.

Saunders on Pleading and Evidence.

Williams on the Law of Executors and Administrators with notes by Francis J. Tronbat.

Chitty's Digest Index to all the reported cases, statutes and general orders in or relating to the principles, pleading and practice of equity and bankruptcy, by Edward Chitty, Esq.

Coventry and Hughes' Digest of Common Law Reports.

Life of John Jay, with selections from his Correspondence and miscellaneous papers, 2 vols.

District School as it was By one who went to it.

Lady's Book, and Repository of Arts, Literature and Fashions. May number.

Mechanics Magazine, and Register of Inventions and Improvements, No. 4.

Novelist's Magazine, No. 7, containing Marriage in High Life, and the Mourning Ring.

Gallery of Portraits, published under the superintendance of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Waldie's Select Circulating Library. No. 17. Containing the conclusion of Wacousta, and the first of Mrs. Ch's Washington's Narrative of a Journey from Calcutta to Europe, by way of Egypt. Price $3 for 52 Nos. may 18

Charles Grant,

(FORMERLY AT NO. 6, UNION STREET.)

HAS resumed the business of dealing in PAPER HANGING, at No. 11 and 13 Washington street, over the Crockery and Glass Ware store of J. Q. A. CONKEY—where he offers for sale an assortment of French and American PAPERS all of new patterns, which he is enabled to sell at very low prices making it an object for those who want the article to call and see. april 27

Brown's Self-Injecting India Rubber Instrument.

WHICH removes Costiveness and many of its consequent complaints, by the use of warm water only. The instrument is put up in a small pocket book, which may be carried in the vest pocket. It is so simple and portable an article, that its use is decidedly more pleasant than most of the instruments now in use; it has no piston or valve, or any of the complicated contrivances which causes the common instrument to get out of repair. It may be used by any person alone with the greatest ease, and it can be administered to patients lying in bed without turning them over or exposing them in the slightest degree. In this respect it has a decided advantage over all other instruments, as it does also in convenience, portability and cheapness. Price $2 50. Please to observe the signature of the proprietor, William Brown, written with indelible ink on the inside of the India-rubber cloth.

CERTIFICATES.

Having employed Mr. William Brown's Self-Injecting India Rubber Apparatus, both in private practice and in the Massachusetts General Hospital, I can recommend it as well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended; while it is at least as effectual as the common instruments now in use, it possesses the advantages of being in a more portable form, of a more simple construction and consequently more easily kept in order, and of being afforded at a much less price.

GEORGE HAYWARD,
Junior Surgeon of the Mass. Gen. Hospital.

April 15th, 1833.

I concur in the opinion expressed above by Dr. Hayward.

JOHN WARE.

U. S. Marine Hospital, April 18th, 1333.

Mr. Brown—The domestic instrument I received of you I find upon a thorough trial to answer the expectations I had previously formed of it. Its simplicity of construction, its portableness, its being free from the liability to injury, and above all, the ease with which lavements may be administered by its means, have induced me to employ the instrument in this institution to the exclusion of all others formerly in use. *C. H. STEDMAN,*
Physician and Surgeon U. S. M. H.

The following Physicians hereby certify that we have, in our practice, used William Brown's Self-Injecting India Rubber Instrument, and find it as simple, commodious, and effectual an article of the kind as we have ever known; we have, therefore, no hesitation in pronouncing it to be a valuable instrument, and recommend it for general use.

MARSHALL S. PERRY,
JOHN D. FISHER,
SAMUEL G. HOWE, } Boston.
JOHN HOMANS,
J. G. STEVENSON,
JOSHUA P. FLINT,
CHARLES M. WINSHIP, Roxbury.

Boston, April 16th, 1833.

To be had at wholesale of the Proprietor, WILLIAM BROWN, 481, Washington street; Henshaw & Co. India street; F. S. & N. Carruth, head of Long wharf. Retailed by J. M. Smith, Brewer & Brothers, John I. Brown, Pierson & Rowland, Washington street; J. Kidder, Court street; James Fowle, Green street; E. Wight, Milk str't. Likewise by most of the other Druggists throughout the United States. tf may 18

NEW BOOKS.

LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street, have just received

Sir Walter Scott's complete Works, cheapest edition. The first American (and only) edition which contains the author's last additions and illustrations, arranged upon their respective pages. This edition will contain all his Poems, Novels, Histories, Biographies, Essays and Fugitive Compositions, as well as the Biography and Private Correspondence, now in the course of publication in England, under the superintendence of Mr. Lockhart. Publishing in parts, containing as much matter as is contained in two volumes of the present editions, and at the low price of 37 1-2 cents each part.

Vol. I. will contain Biography, Private Correspondence, Poetical Works, &c.—Vol. II. Waverley; Guy Mannering; Antiquary; Rob Roy; Black Dwarf; Old Mortality and Heart of Mid Lothian.—Vol. III. Bride of Lammermoor; Legend of Montrose; Ivanhoe; Monastery; Abbot; Kenilworth and Pirate.—Vol. IV. Fortunes of Nigel; Peveril of the Peak; Quentin Durward; St. Ronan's Well, and Redgauntlet.—Vol. V The Betrothed; Talisman; Woodstock; Highland Widow; Two Drovers; My Aunt Margaret's Mirror; Tapistried Chamber; Laird's Jock; Fair Maid of Perth; Anne of Geirstein; Count Robert of Paris; Castle Dangerous, Surgeon's Daughter, and a Glossary for the Novels.

Waldie's Select Circulating Library—published weekly—consisting of a re publication of the best popular literature, including Memoirs, Biography, Novels, Tales, Travels, Voyages, &c. Price $5 50 for 52 numbers. "We have fourteen numbers of the work before us, and are surprised at the quantity of excellent and judiciously selected reading matter they contain Each number is equivalent to a volume of the London novel size, and one may purchase the contents of fifty such, by subscribing to the Library, for five dollars. Its cheapness will be realized, when we mention that Sarrau's Memoirs of Lafayette, which costs at the bookstores $1 50, is embodied in two numbers, which cost less than twenty cents. The Library is published at Philadelphia, and issued weekly. It is very handsomely printed on fine paper, in quarto pages. Mr. Waldie, the proprietor, is a literary man of fine taste. He takes unwearied pains to make his publication valuable—selecting the most interesting and best of what is recent, and correcting his press with great care. The Library has a circulation of 5000 copies, although but very lately established. We think highly of the work, and desire it may meet the success it deserves. To persons residing in the country, it will prove an invaluable acquisition, as largely increasing their means of enjoyment."

☞ Subscriptions to the above works received by us.

John Milton; his Life and Times, religious and political opinions, with an appendix, containing animadversions upon Dr. Johnson's Life of Milton, &c. &c. by Joseph Ivimey

Illustrations of Political Economy, No. XI. for Each and for All; a tale by Harriet Martineau.

Clara Newgent; or, the Progress of Improvement, a tale, by the author of 'Black Velvet Bracelet,' 'Annette Warrington,' &c. &c. may 11

Penmanship.

THE undersigned, believing Penmanship to be an Art of the greatest importance, to be attained only by pains and perseverance, cheerfully recommend Mr. Richardson of the Laurinian Academy, 23, Joy's Buildings, as a Teacher who gives entire satisfaction to his patrons, and who instructs in a style of writing, which is likely to be retained by the learner, and to become practically useful.

THEODORE LYMAN, Jr.
W. H. SUMNER,
BENJ. WELLES.
CHARLES P. CURTIS.

Mr. RICHARDSON, Professor of Penmanship having expressed a wish for my recommendation, I can only say that the certificates of his qualifications, from Gen. Lyman and others are so conclusive to my mind, that I should place full reliance on them, if I had occasion for his services in his professional department, and being a young Bostonian, I cordially wish him success.

april 27 *H. G. OTIS.*

Boston Coffee House,

CORNER OF DEVONSHIRE AND MILK STS. BOSTON,
(FORMERLY GALLAGHER'S.)

THE subscriber having taken the above mentioned establishment, which has recently undergone a thorough repair, begs leave respectfully to inform his friends and the public that he will be prepared at all reasonable times to provide them every luxury the market affords, the produce of sea and land;—his Bar will be supplied with choice old Wines and Liquors. It being the intention of the subscriber that his establishment shall be inferior to none in the city, and to superintend, in person, every branch of his business, he hopes the public will afford him that patronage which has been bestowed on others. Parties, Clubs, Military and Fire Companies, &c. &c. will be furnished with retired rooms and Suppers at the shortest notice. Steaks, Chops, &c. will be served up at all hours of the day and evening. Soups ready every day from ten till two o'clock.

*** Families can be supplied with Hot Dinners, sent to any part of the city.

The establishment was opened on Wednesday last.

ALEXANDER McGREGOR.

N. B. A few boarders can be accommodated with pleasant rooms. may 4

Spring Assortment,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

PLAIN bow, plaited and drawn Silk, Satin, Velvet, Snakeskin and Bombazine Stocks, from $3 to $20 per dozen.

Silk, Cotton, India Rubber and Worsted Net and Web Suspenders, with double and single fronts, springs, rollers, and plain, from 50 cts to $18 per dozen.

Fine and common Linen Shirt Collars and Bosoms.

Fine and low price white and colored Linen and Cotton Shirts.

Linen and Cotton Drawers—Cravat Stiffners,

Super Horse Skin, Beaver, Silk and Linen Gloves,

Silk, Cotton, Linen and Worsted Hosiery,

Russia Riding Belts—Patent Stock Frames,

Stock and Suspender Buckles—Binding Skins,

Sewing Silk—Cotton and Floss Webbing,

Fine Alepiaes—Silk Velvets,

Addison & Co's Ever Pointed Pencil Cases, every price Pencil Leads—Cologne, Lavender and Florida Water,

Fine Scented Soaps, etc etc.

For sale at *KIMBALL'S* Stock and Suspender Manufactory, Linen Drapery, Hosiery and Glove Store, No. 12, Washington street. tf april 27

For Sale at this Office,

A FEW Copies of "TRUTH, or *A New Year's Gift for Scribblers.*" Second Edition. Price 37½ cents. april 20

GYMNASIUM,

No 138, WASHINGTON STREET,

THE subscriber has incurred considerable trouble and expense in erecting a Gymnasium in the fourth story of the building No. 138, Washington street, opposite the Marlboro' Hotel. It contains the usual fixtures, namely, parallel bars, upright and horizontal poles, wooden horses, ropes, ladders, balancing bars, &c. The room is large and airy, and the floor is covered with tan, so as to give a firm footing, and to prevent any injury from an accidental fall.

This establishment affords to gentlemen an opportunity to take regular and healthy exercise. Walking, and riding on horseback, excellent as they are, are necessarily imperfect, as they develope only a certain portion of the muscles of the body. The establishment of the subscriber is calculated to strengthen the arms and chest, and to give the latter that proper expansion which is necessary to the healthy functions of the intestinal organs. To students and sedentary men they are especially useful, as their occupations tend to narrow the chest and weaken the upper portions of the frame. It is confidently believed that the diseases of the stomach and lungs, so common among us, might be prevented by regular exercise in the Gymnasium.

N B. The rooms are open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 5 A. M. till 8 o'clock, P. M. Terms moderate.

may 11 J. HUDSON.

This is not such a Gymnasium as that at Craigie's Bridge. These are times when it is specially necessary to learn to box.—ED. GAL.

Pocket Inkstands,

A GOOD article for Reporters, and for the pocket, for sale by LILLY, WAIT & CO. may 18

Tales of the Northwest;

OR SKETCHES OF INDIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER. By William J. Snelling. For sale by RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO. 134 Washington street. april 20

The New Oblique Pens.

A FEW of these celebrated Pens, made upon a new principle, and altogether differently shaped from any other Metalic Pen—just received and for sale by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street. a 13

Stuart's Three Years in North America.

JUST received by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street. may 25

Second Edition of Caspar Hauser

WITH A PORTRAIT.

JUST PUBLISHED, an account of an individual kept in a dungeon, separated from all communication from the world, from early childhood to about the age of seventeen; drawn up from legal documents. For sale by RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO. 134 Washington street. april 20

SUSPENDERS!

LINEN SUSPENDERS with springs, and made without seams or leather. —ALSO—

Silk Suspenders, a very durable article, the webbing composed of pure Italian sewing silk. —Also—

India Rubber Suspenders of French manufacture, a very celebrated and elastic article. —Likewise—

Worsted and Cotton Net and Web Suspenders, with and without springs; double and single fronts, &c.; together with an assortment of low price, for sale at KIMBALL'S Manufactory, 12 Washington street, a few doors above Dock Square. april 11

BOOKS.

LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street, have received,

Law Summary, second edition, corrected and enlarged—by B. L. Oliver, Counsellor at Law; being a collection of Legal Tracts, on subjects of general application in business.

Our Island, comprising Forgery, a tale, and the Lamplighter, a tale—in 2 vols.

Ohio Condensed Reports, 1 vol. royal 8vo will be ready for sale in a few days.

Albums—a new assortment.

Bridgewater Treatises—a series of Treatises, considering the reference of Astronomy and General Physics to Natural Theology. By Rev. Wm. Whewell, M. A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. may 25

Copartnership Notice.

RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO. have associated themselves in business with Mr. E. W. METCALF, of Cambridge, as Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers, and will continue business at the old stand, Boston Bookstore, No. 134 Washington street, under the firm of RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO.

J. B. RUSSELL,
T. ODIORNE,
E. W. METCALF.

Boston, May 14, 1833.

From the great experience Col. METCALF has had in the last twenty years, in his connexion with the University Press, at Cambridge, R. & O. feel warranted in engaging, that any Publications entrusted to them will be executed with peculiar care, as respects accuracy and elegance. may 25

New Books.

FOR sale by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street, Boston.

Robert Hall's Works, vol. 3d. This volume completes the work, and is the only complete American edition. Price very low, and a liberal discount made if five copies are taken.

Cruden's Concordance of the New Testament; a new and beautiful edition, with a Memoir of the Author.

Stenographic Conversation Cards, by Thos. Towndrow. This day published.

Young Artist's Assistant, in the art of Drawing in Water Colors, exemplified in a course of twenty-nine progressive Lessons; with colored engravings.

Paris, or the Book of the One Hundred and One. The history of this work is both curious and interesting. After the failure of M. Ladrocut, the great Parisian Publisher, the most distinguished literary men in France offered its gratuitous aid in any way that might be thought most likely to restore his broken fortune—a liberality that does honor to the age. The outlines of the plan suggested was a series of papers descriptive of Paris, Parisian Manners and Society; and from the fact that one hundred and one writers immediately subscribed their names as contributors, originated the title of this work.

Paige's Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Courts of Chancery of the State of New-York, vol. 3.

New Italian Grammar; calculated for the attainment of the Italian tongue, in its greatest purity and perfection. By Vergani. With Notes, &c. by Lorenzo L. Da Ponte.

Boys' and Girl's Library, No. 7 and 8. Indian Traits; or Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the North American Natives.

Lover of Nature; a Tale by Ludwig Tieck, from the German.

Northern Traveller, with routes to Springs, Niagara and Quebec.

Annals of Education, No 5, vol 3.

American Monthly Review, No 17.

Christian Examiner, No 55.

Waldie's Select Circulating Library, new series—five dollars for 52 numbers, (equal to the same number of volumes) payable in advance. No 16 received.

The peculiar features of this periodical are, its cheapness, and the facility with which books in this form can be transported by mail.

☞ Those who design to patronize this original and popular mode of publishing good books, will oblige the publishers by forwarding their remittances as early as practicable.

A new series was commenced in January, opening with Sarran's Lafayette and Louis Philippe, with which subscriptions now begin. may 4

John H. Copp.

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